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COURAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The past is past. There is no more returning
Unto the flowery freshness of life's May;
Right onward through this desert, parched and burning,
With patient hearts we must pursue our way,

Nor pause to dream of waters coolly flowing
Through forest shades, and happy greenwood bowers,
For dreams do mock and madden us by showing
A world of bliss that never may be ours.

Forward the cruel way of Fate gleams whitely
In the fierce brightness of the unpitying sun—
Courage; weak hearts bear not life's burdens lightly,
Nor faltering feet the race victorious run.

Nor tears bring clearness to the clouded vision,
Or coolness to the burning sands below,
Nor sighs and groans attest a sweet submission
Unto His will who giveth joy and woe.

Ah, heavy, heavy. But no sad bewailing
Can ever ease the burden or the pain,
Bravely we must bear up through all—and, falling,
Spring with fresh courage to the strife again.

Forward! No time for weakness or repining,
No place for rest until the goal be won;
Beyond Earth's woes the Heavenly joys are shining;
After the toil, the approving Lord's "Well done."

Rememberest the Saviour, "meek and lowly,"
Who for the crown endured the cross of shame!
Let the world scoff. It scoffed at One more holy,
And He reviled not—blessed be His name!

But trod the appointed way, and did not falter
When the sharp stones of Jewish hate were hurled:—
Think you the fiat of High Heaven can alter
At the mad clamors of a puny world?

A. L. MUZZEY.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &C.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HUSBAND OF MRS. CHANDOS.

The dinner came and passed, and Mr. Chandos was himself once more, calm, courteous and gentlemanly: the servants in waiting could never have suspected that I had just been sheltered in his arms, or that he had made a confession of love.

The cloth was barely drawn when Hill came in, to summon him to the west wing. Lady Chandos wanted him particularly.

"I shall be back directly," he said to me.

However, he did not come back; not until the tea was on the table. Hickens was in and out with the urn and things, and nothing was said. Mr. Chandos's countenance wore a sad, gloomy look: but, as I have previously remarked, it often did when he came from the west wing.

"What led to the scene with that man today?" he abruptly asked.

I briefly explained. Telling him I had seen Mrs. Penn with Mr. Edwin Barley, and relating her words to me; telling him also of my own encounter with him, and his anxiety to learn the particulars of the officers' visit to Chandos.

"If Mrs. Penn is to make a friend or an acquaintance of Mr. Edwin Barley, she cannot remain at Chandos," he coldly remarked. "Have you finished tea? Then it shall go away."

He rose to ring the bell, did not resume his seat again, but stood with his back to the fire, and watched the servants take the tea away. When they had disappeared and the door was closed, he took a seat by me on the sofa.

"Now, then, Anne, I claim your promise. What are you to Edwin Barley? and what is he to you?"

"Did you know that there was once a Mrs. Edwin Barley?" I began.

"Unfortunately I had too good cause to know it."

I thought the answer a strange one, but went on.

"She was a Miss Carew. Selina Carew—"

"I know she was," he interrupted.

"And my aunt."

"Your aunt!" he uttered, turning round to look full at me.

"She was sister to my mother, Mrs. Hereford. But there was a good bit of difference in their ages."

"Whose daughter are you? Who was your father?"

"Colonel Thomas Hereford. But my aunt Selina died, and it is not to be supposed, it is not in accordance with reason or common sense that Mr. Edwin Barley can claim any right of control over me."

"Of course it is not. Be at ease, Anne, so far as that is concerned. Did your aunt Selina—but perhaps I ought not to put the question to you."

"I will answer it," I simply said.

"I was going to ask whether your aunt died a natural death," he said, lowering his voice. "Possibly you know nothing about it, though."

"I was there at the time she died."

"There! At Edwin Barley's?" he quickly rejoined.

And I proceeded to give him the outline of what had taken me there, and of what occurred.

"I had wished my aunt good-night the previous evening, thinking she was better. When I went into her room the following morning, she was dead. I know the thought did come over me, whether she had died a fair death, though I was only a little girl. But I think there is no doubt about it. She was very ill, her throat was stopped up, and she said, herself, she could not recover."

"I have never heard suspicion cast upon it," remarked Mr. Chandos. "But—Barley is a queer man, and he was terribly displeased with his wife just then. Forget that I spoke it, Anne."

I made no answer: but I remembered all about George Heneage only too well, and the cause of contention with Mr. Edwin Barley. Mr. Chandos resumed.

"Did you ever hear of a tragedy that took place there about the same period? A ward of Edwin Barley's was killed."

"Philip King. Yes. I saw it done, Mr. Chandos."

"Saw what done?"

"Saw Philip King murdered. I was in the wood. I saw the shot strike him, and watched him fall."

"Why, what a strange girl you are!" Mr. Chandos exclaimed, my words evidently striking him with astonishment. "What else have you seen?"

"Nothing like that. Nothing half so dreadful. I trust I never shall."

"I trust not, either," he muttered. "Anne," he continued, dropping his voice to a tone that sounded fearfully solemn and awe-struck, "*who fired that shot?*"

"It was said to be—but I ought not to mention names, Mr. Chandos, in a case like this, even to you," I broke off.

"Yes you may. It was said to be a gentleman who was visiting there, George Heneage. You see I know so much: like the public in general knew."

"I think it was George Heneage. I had taken a dreadful dislike to Mr. Edwin Barley, and I remember wondering whether he had done it, for I saw him close by at the time, with his gun in his hand, and I knew he hated George Heneage. But I think there is no doubt that it was George Heneage."

"Did you hear or know the reason of Edwin Barley's hatred of George Heneage?"

"I gathered it," I answered, looking down with a crimsoned face.

"Mrs. Edwin Barley was beautiful, was she not?" he asked, after a pause.

"Very beautiful."

"Do you remember George Heneage?"

"I cannot recall his face. I remember thinking him good-looking. He was very tall. Charlotte Delves called him a scarecrow; but I thought she disliked him because Mr. Edwin Barley did."

"Who was Charlotte Delves?"

"She lived there. I think she was distantly related to Mr. Edwin Barley. Jemima—she was one of the maids—once said that Charlotte Delves liked Mr. Edwin Barley too well."

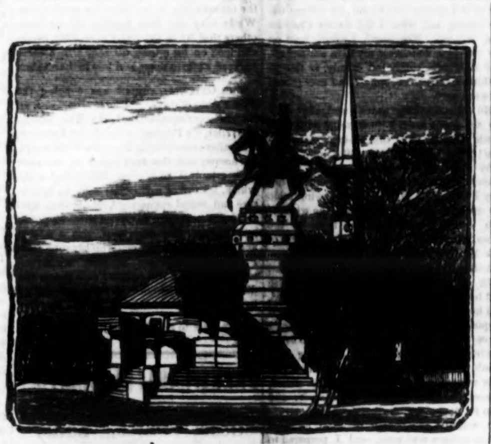
"Anne, you must relate to me all the particulars of that by-gone tragedy, every detail you can recollect. It is not curiosity prompts me to ask it, but a far more urgent reason."

"I would tell you willingly," I said with hesitation. "But—I should have to cast some blame upon my aunt Selina."

"You cannot cast more blame to her than has already been cast upon her to me. Perhaps your account may help partially to remove the odium that was thrown upon her."

I began at the beginning, and told him all, so far as I could recollect. The cause of my going to Mr. Edwin Barley's house, what I had witnessed there, the scenes that followed Philip King's death, and those that followed my aunt's. When I came to the details of the murder, Mr. Chandos sat with his elbow on the arm of the sofa, his face turned from me and buried in his hand.

"So you saw George Heneage after the murder," he remarked.



WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Besides the Washington Statue in the Capitol at Richmond, Virginia, there is, in the park, an equestrian one of him in company with statues of Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry. These patriots of the Revolution look down with mingled scorn and pity on their degenerate sons; as in Tennessee the statue of Andrew Jackson—with the line cut in its base, "THE UNION, IT MUST BE PRESERVED," continually rebukes the secessionists of that region. And yet they are ashamed to erase that line.

"Immediately after it. He was hiding in the wood, trembling all over, and his face white."

"Had he the look of a guilty man?"

"Yes, that he had. Had he not been guilty, why should he not have come openly forward to succor Philip King?"

"True. Did Mrs. Edwin Barley deem him guilty?"

"I don't think she did; I am not sure. It was the looking after him that killed her."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Chandos.

"When she heard what had happened, that Philip King was shot, I think she must have suspected that it was the work of George Heneage; or perhaps she was told so; I forget. She had just dressed for dinner in a low dress with short sleeves, and she ran out without putting anything on over it. It was a thick, heavy fog that evening, penetrating everything, and she stayed out an hour or two, and came home wet through. She had been searching for George Heneage."

"Did she meet with him?"

"I believe not. The cold and damp struck to her and brought on the disease in her throat and chest. She only lived a few days. Has George Heneage ever been heard of, do you happen to know?"

"It is said not."

"Then he has not been taken up and accused of the murder? Mr. Edwin Barley said at the time that he would bring him to justice, were it years to come."

"Mr. Edwin Barley was excessively bitter against him. He, Barley, succeeded to Philip King's fine property."

"I remember thinking—or perhaps I may have heard the remark made by some one—that were any suspicion to fall upon Mr. Edwin Barley, touching the affair, the fact of his being the next heir to the property would tell against him."

"Ay," replied Mr. Chandos. "Were I on the jury when George Heneage was brought to trial, I should require strong proof, ere I convicted him."

"But do you not think that George Heneage's own conduct proves his guilt? The very fact of his running away into concealment, and remaining in it, would seem to assume that he was guilty."

"Good reasoning, Anne. But it might not apply in all cases; though it would in most. Should George Heneage reappear in England, Mr. Edwin Barley would instantly accuse and arrest him, there's no doubt of that; innocent or guilty, he must stand his trial; and, to some natures, that ordeal would be worse than the conviction. In saying this, I am not defending George Heneage; I fear it is most probable that he was guilty."

"Did you ever see George Heneage, Mr. Chandos?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you knew him?"

He made no reply; but, rising from his seat, began to pace the room.

"Anne, rely upon it, Edwin Barley destroyed that will of your aunt Selina's."

"It was singular that it should disappear."

"He could not bear for the little bit of money to go beside him; he has the character of being a hard, grasping man, a miser. A trifle like that, added to his large property is as a drop of water to the ocean. You wanted it; he does not. You have but little."

"I have nothing; I have not a farthing but what I earn. Mamma sunk for my education the trifle of money she had saved."

"But—the daughter of Colonel Hereford ought to enjoy a pension," he debated, stopping short in his walk.

"Papa sold out previous to his death."

"Oh—I see," and he resumed his walk.

"Mr. Chandos, may I ask you a question?"

"You know you may. I will answer it if I can."

"What has Mr. Edwin Barley to do with you? Why should he be your enemy?"

"That is what I cannot answer," he quickly rejoined. "He is an implacable enemy to me and to my family; and likely to remain so. I cannot divest myself of the idea that he was the author of that visit we were favored with last night by the police. I could not see the note; the inspector, looking upon it as of no moment, destroyed it when read."

"But Mr. Edwin Barley cannot be the author of these losses that occur here!"

"To be so, he must possess an agent in the house. That he would like to get my private memoranda into his fingers, and peep at my letters, I know; but he could have no possible motive for thieving lace and money."

"But, Mr. Chandos, suppose—suppose—"

"Speak out. Why do you hesitate?"

"Suppose, for argument's sake, that he has an agent in the house, suppose that it is a woman—that agent may be transacting a little business on her own account, while she does his."

Mr. Chandos came up, stood close before me and laid his hand upon my shoulder. "Anne, you have some peculiar meaning in saying this."

"I think he has an agent in the house. I am nearly sure of it. If it be the one I suspect, the temptation of gold and silver, and of a bit of rich lace, falling under her notice when she was hunting out secrets for him, may have proved too strong for her."

"Who is it that you suspect?"

I hastily pushed his hand from me, and rose with a vivid blush. There, behind him, stood Mrs. Penn. How silently she had come in! Mr. Chandos turned and saw her, and a haughty frown settled on his brow. He smoothed it down.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "I am interrupting, I fear. Miss Hereford, I lent you my sharp-pointed embroidery scissors; can you let me have them?"

I took them from my basket and gave them to her. "Thank you, Mrs. Penn, for the loan of them. I shall purchase a pair the first opportunity."

"It is a chilly evening," she said, moving to depart. "I shall see you again," she added, nodding at me, "before bed time."

Mr. Chandos walked to the door when she had finally left, and slipped the bolt. Ere he was half way across the room on his return, however, he went back and undid it, some reflection appearing to strike him. His brow was stern and displeased.

"Anne, those scissors were an excuse; she no more wanted them than I did. She came to see what was going on."

"I am sure she is given to curiosity."

"To the indulging of it. She is quite the opposite of what poor Mrs. Freeman was; she never put herself in anybody's way. I don't like these interruptions. Go on with what you were saying."

I proceeded with my account of the interview in the summer-house, and I told him I suspected Lizzy. He was terribly displeased, and spoke sternly of Mr. Barley's conduct, making me repeat what I had heard, over and over again. But he could not be brought to believe that it was Lizzy.

"You acknowledge that you did not see her, or hear her voice, or discover any token that it was she," he reiterated. "Why, then, should it be Lizzy, more than another?"

"I know Lizzy was out of the way at the time, leaving her work waiting. I went round to the kitchen and ascertained that."

"That tells nothing. She may have been off on the gossip, without any reference to Mr. Edwin Barley. She is a great gossip, is Lizzy."

"But, Mr. Chandos, suffer me to ask you in my turn, why you should put this continued good faith in Lizzy, seeing that circumstances do, in a degree, tell against her?"

"I will answer you, Anne. Lizzy has been in our family for some time, and we have always found her a faithful servant. Now, when I gain a good opinion of people from experience, that opinion is difficult to shake."

"It must have been some one in the house who was talking to Mr. Edwin Barley. If not Lizzy, which of the others could it have been?"

"There's the point," rejoined Mr. Chandos. "It is a puzzle to me. The last few weeks have been a puzzle altogether, and when I reflect—"

A knock at the door at that moment, and Lizzy herself entered. She had come after something or other from the sideboard for Mrs. Hill. Mr. Chandos, standing with his back to the fire, suddenly accosted her; she had got her head nearly inside one of the sideboard cupboards at the time.

"How long have you known Mr. Edwin Barley, Lizzy?"

"Known who, sir, did you ask?" she returned, standing up and looking round at him.

"Mr. Edwin Barley."

"I don't know him at all, sir," she replied, after a minute's pause, given apparently to surprise and consideration. "Not but what I seem to have heard that name—lately, too."

"He is the new tenant at the house outside the gates."

"Law, yes to be sure! Two of the men were talking of him one day; that was the name, for I remember I said it put me in mind of the fields. I saw him once I think, sir; a short, dark man, isn't he?"

Mr. Chandos nodded an affirmative.—"Where did you see him?"

"It was coming home from church one Sunday, sir. We were crossing the road to the gates, me and Robin and Harriet, when I noticed a swarthy gentleman, standing stock still and staring at us. 'I hope he'll know us again,' said I, 'he's ugly enough.' 'Hush!' says Robin, 'that's master's new tenant at the house there?'"

"But you have spoken to him?" cried Mr. Chandos.

"No, sir, I have not. I never saw him but that once."

Well, she did seem to speak truthfully, and Mr. Chandos looked at me when she quitted the room, which he allowed her to do without further questioning.

"The traitor is not Lizzy, Anne."

And, ponder and talk over it as we would, we could not divine who the traitor was. Bed time came, and I held out my hand to Mr. Chandos, and wished him good night.

"Good night," he said, shaking it. "Anne! I wish I dare offer you a different good night from this formal one! I wish I could feel justified in it!"

I don't know what I stammered; something very foolish; about his being, possibly, more fastidious than he need be.

"No, no," he decisively answered. "If a wavering may have crossed my mind before, when I thought you but a poor governess, as to whether I should lay the good and the ill before you, and let you decide, it has passed now. The daughter of Colonel Hereford must not be trifled with. Good night, child."

The tears were streaming down my cheeks as I entered my bedroom: had Mr. Chandos cast me off for ever? His frequent allusion to the disgrace attending him and his family had insensibly seemed to diminish the distance between us, and floating visions of becoming his wife had visited me in all their lovely rose color. Besides, I *was* the daughter of Colonel Hereford, a lady born, and with a lady's breeding and education: surely the barrier was not so very great.

Dwelling upon this, it startled me to behold somebody occupying a chair near the hearth: I could not tell who for the moment, for my sight was dim. It proved to be Mrs. Penn, and she pointed to the door.

"Shut it and bolt it," she said. "I have come to talk to you."

I closed it, but did not slip the bolt. Where was the necessity? Nobody ever came into my room at night.

"Come and sit down: I have drawn you a chair close to mine," she proceeded. "And tell me why you are crying."

"I am not crying. I have no cause to cry," I resentfully answered, vexed beyond everything. "I thought of something as I came up stairs, which brought the tears into my eyes: we often laugh till we cry, you know."

"Ay," said Mrs. Penn, "perhaps yours are tears of joy. But—"

"I should be so very much obliged if you would put off what you wish to say till morning," cried I, interrupting her. "You don't know how sleepy I am."

"I know that you can tell a parcel of fibs, you wicked child. Anne—I shall call you so to-night—I have come to talk to you, and talk I shall. I want to save you."

"Save me from what?"

"From the machinations of Harry Chandos."

"Mr. Chandos is working no machinations against me."

"I know that he *is*. He has been making you a declaration of love."

The tell-tale crimson lighted up my face. Mrs. Penn continued.

"That he has either done it or renewed it, to-night, I am sure: I read it in his face when I entered the oak parlor. I suspected he was playing with you, and made the scissors my excuse for appearing. *Don't* you remember what I told you? that you had better be made love to by the lowest servant on the estate, than by Mr. Chandos? That servant could marry you: Harry Chandos cannot."

My nerves were completely unstrung and I burst into tears; I could play a false part no longer. It was bitter enough to hear her confirm his own words. Mrs. Penn rose, and, standing over me, fondly stroked my hair.

"Child, do you know why I have thus interfered between you and Mr. Chandos? I will tell you. Once, years ago, I became attached to a young girl, a distant relative of mine, whom I had not seen, until then, since she was an infant. She was under my charge and under my eye—"

"What was her name?" I interrupted.

"We used to call her Lottie. You put me in mind of her. One came, fascinating as Mr. Chandos; and I, believing him to be upright and honorable, exercised little caution. He gained her love, like Mr. Chandos has gained yours—"

"Mrs. Penn!"

"Hush! do you think I am blind? He gained the love of Lottie; and, when marriage came to be spoken of as a natural sequence, we found out that we had been entertaining a Jesuit in disguise. He could not marry."

"A real Jesuit? Do you mean it?"

"I am speaking metaphorically. The man called himself a Protestant and a Christian, if he called himself anything. Very Christian work, it was of him, to gain Lottie's heart, and then confess that he had gained it for no end. She died."

"Lottie?"

"Lottie died; the blow was too sharp for her. She was a timid, gentle flower, and could not stand the rough blast."

"Why could he not marry?"

"Ah! why indeed!" she answered, curling her lips with mockery: "why cannot Harry Chandos? The cases are parallel. It is the remembrance of Lottie which causes me to feel this interest in you. Anne, I must save you."

"There is nothing to save me from," I answered, touched with her kindness. "I am not likely to marry Mr. Chandos."

"I say that you *cannot* marry him," she impatiently rejoined.

"Not unless I would share an unhappy fate. And he has too much regard for me to invite me to it."

"Oh, he says *that*, does he? Anne, I have a great mind to tell you the truth. Can you undertake that it shall not repass your lips?"

"I will undertake it," I answered, feeling sick with doubt and dread; as if I were on the point of some great discovery.

"You need not turn pale. I am not going to disclose to you the mighty secret which darkens the days of the Chandoses, I speak only of Mr. Chandos's conduct to you. He has hinted that if you would share an untoward fate, he could offer you one; but he will not, out of consideration to you?"

"Something of that," I whispered.

"Something of that! Anne, can a man have two wives?"

I looked up at her, startled.

"Who is the husband of Mrs Chandos?" she impressively breathed. "Has the question never occurred to you? Has your mind never asked itself, 'Is it not possible that it may be Mr. Harry Chandos?' Speak."

I put up my hand in fear and trembling, as if to beat off her words. Speak! I could not have spoken had my life depended on it.

"Mark you, it must go no further, it is not known to all. They are Mr. and Mrs. Chandos, but there are reasons why they live an estranged life. My poor child, you look ready to fall."

I did fall. I fell at her knee, and clasped it in my overwhelming misery. The husband of Mrs. Chandos! Much, that was obscure before, shone out clearly now; much, to which I had wanted a clue, was now plain: the scales fell from my eyes, and I marvelled at my utter blindness. Her husband! her husband! My head drooped down to the ground, and there escaped from me one low, anguished cry of despair.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NIGHT WALK FROM THE POST OFFICE.

I rose in the morning. The sun was shining brightly into my room, but there would be no more day's sun for me. What a night I had passed! If you have ever been deceived in the manner I had, you will understand it; if not, all the writing in the world would fail to convey to you a tithe of the misery that was mine—and that would be mine for years to come. *Her* husband! whilst he pretended to love *me!*

I avoided Mr. Chandos that day, you may be very sure of that; save at meals; I could not help meeting him then. He rode out after breakfast; to attend some county meeting, was said; and returned about four o'clock. I saw him come home, from the window of my room, where I remained until dinner.

He appeared inclined to be thoroughly sociable, when we sat down to it; talked and laughed; told me of a ludicrous scene which had occurred at the meeting; but I was cold and reserved, scarcely answering him. He regarded me keenly, as if debating with himself what it could be that had so changed my manner. When the servants had withdrawn, I quitted my place at table, and sat down in a low chair near the fire.

"Why do you go there?" said Mr. Chandos. "You will take some dessert."

"Not this evening."

"But why?"

"My head aches."

He quitted the table, came up, and stood before me. "Anne, what is the matter with you?"

My breath was coming quickly, my swelling heart seemed as if it must burst. All the past rose up forcibly before me; he, a married man, had mocked me with his love; had—oh, worse than all!—gained mine. It was a crying insult, and it was wringing bitterly every feeling I possessed. Anything else I could have borne. Mrs. Penn had hinted at some great crime; words of his own had confirmed it. Had he committed every crime known to man, I could better have forgiven it; but for this deliberate deceit upon me, there could be no forgiveness; and there could be no cure, no comfort for my lacerated heart.

"Are you angry with me for any cause? or offended?"

The question unnerved me worse than I was already unnerved. It did more; it raised all the ire of my spirit. A choice between two evils only seemed to be left to me: either to burst into hysterical tears, or to openly reproach Mr. Chandos. The latter course came forth first.

"Why did you deceive me?" I uttered.

"Deceive you, Anne?"

"Yes, wretchedly deceive me," I answered in my desperation; not caring, and scarcely knowing, what I said. "Why did you speak to me of love? knowing that you could not marry?"

"What do you say, Anne?" he exclaimed.

"Knowing your circumstances; the reason that you cannot marry!" I passionately continued; determined, however, not to allude to particulars, or to mention Mrs. Chandos.

"The reason why I cannot marry is not known to you," he rejoined.

"It is," I answered.

"It is impossible," he returned, in much agitation: "it cannot be."

"I do know the reason, the bare reason; none of the details. Mr. Chandos, it was *wicked* of you so to deceive me."

"Whence do you know it? Who imparted it to you?"

"I will not tell you. It is enough that I have gathered it," I answered, bursting at last into the hysterical tears which had been threatening me ominously.

"Anne, forgive me," he sadly cried. "Before I remembered that I could not act freely, as other men can, the love for you had come and was filling every crevice of my being."

"You ought to have remembered it," I sobbed. But—in spite of the cruel wrong, in spite of my bitter misery, in spite of *his wife*, to hear the avowal of this deep love was as very bliss to my rebellious heart. It was but human; no more exempt from failings and frailties than are those of others; perhaps less so. Heaven knows I need not boast of my own goodness!

"I am aware that I ought to have remembered it," he acquiesced, his tone almost one of wailing. "That I did not, will be upon my conscience forever: for I see that we must both equally suffer. I can but ask your forgiveness."

I did not speak. I sat there with my face buried in my handkerchief; and nothing more was said, for Hill came in.

"Mr. Harry, my lady will be glad if you will go up and sit with her."

"Very well. Is Mrs. Chandos there?"

"Yes, sir."

Need he have asked that question, have mentioned her name in my presence? It struck me that it was a gratuitous insult. Mr. Chandos followed Hill from the room, and as soon as I thought he was safe within the west wing, I flew up to my own chamber.

Flew up with a breaking heart: a heart that felt its need of solitude, of being where it could indulge its own grief unseen, unmolested. I was not, however, to gain my chamber; for, at the entrance to the west wing stood Mrs. Penn, and she arrested me.

"Come into my sitting-room," she said. "Mrs. Chandos will not be back for an hour. She is paying a visit to the west wing."

"Mr. Chandos also," I replied, as indifferently as I could well speak.

"Mr. Chandos also," she assented, repeating my words. "They meet there more frequently than the house suspects."

"But why may they not meet? Why is it that they live estranged—or appear to do so?"

"Sit you down," she said, pushing me into a chair by her fire, for we had been gradually approaching her room. "There is estrangement between Mr. and Mrs. Chandos, but how far it precisely extends, I cannot tell you."

"I did not ask you how far the estrangement extended; I asked you its cause."

"Be content with knowing what you do know, Anne Hereford, without inquiring into causes. I can tell you one thing; that never was more impassioned love given to woman, than he at one time felt for Mrs. Chandos."

I am ashamed to confess that the avowal caused my heart to chill and my face to burn. I turned the latter where it could not be seen. Mrs. Penn continued.

"He has professed to love you; he may think he does—men, such as he, are taken with fresh faces; nay, I will not say but he *does* love you; but, compared with the passion he once bore for Mrs. Chandos, his love for you is as *nothing*. Contrast the pale cold beams of the moon, with the burning rays of the tropical sun; and you have a type of that passion, and of this one."

"Why do you say this to me? Is it well?"

"I deem it well. I say it because I think it right that you should know it. Would it be well that Mr. Chandos should cast his toils around you, and hem you within them?"

"Mrs. Penn! Is it likely?" I indignantly asked. "Is it possible, after last night's disclosure?"

"It is both possible and likely, exposed as you are to his companionship. He is a subtle man, is Harry Chandos, with his fair outside and his honied plausibility."

I would not answer her, I felt too angry, and sat, beating my foot upon the hearth. How dared she judge me so?

"When do you leave?" she resumed.

"Leave?"

"Of course you will leave, after this. Were I you, I should not delay my departure a day."

"Leave for where?"

"Shall you not leave Chandos?" she continued, in an accent of astonishment.

"I shall not leave a day the sooner for this having taken place."

"Then you ought to do so," she impulsively uttered, the red flush of impatience mounting to her brow. "You owe it to yourself to put the barrier of distance and separation between you and Mr. Chandos."

What was it to her, that she should thus urge me? I felt haughtily displeased. The truth being that I was in an ill humor with all the world; and I answered haughtily,

"I will not make the affair of so much consequence as to leave. I will treat it with the contempt it deserves. Mr. Chandos shall find that he has not broken my heart.

"You cannot stay on here with him, his companion," she obstinately continued. "You *cannot*, Anne Hereford."

"I will. Whether with him as a companion or without him, is now of no moment; but I do not quit Chandos until my legitimate plans call me away."

I spoke sharply, in a determined tone, and Mrs. Penn could see that it was a decisive one. She gazed on my face with the air of one deliberating a point with herself, for some minutes before she answered.

"Shall I tell you what sort of companionship it is that you covet; that appears to be too delightful for you to drag yourself away from? Shall I disclose to you the nature of the crime that hangs over the head of Mr. Chandos?"

"If you please," I replied.

She drew closer to me, glanced fearfully round the room, as if in dread of being heard, and her whispered voice bore a peculiarly awe-struck tone.

"Anne Hereford, it is that of MURDER."

I felt sick, utterly sick. I looked round the room also, and my flesh began to creep and my teeth to chatter. Murder? Harry Chandos?

"Wicked, deliberate murder," she breathed in my ear. "Not the blow that is struck in passion, partaking almost as much of accident as design; but murder planned and executed in cold blood. Now what think you of the pleasant fitness of Mr. Chandos to be made a dear friend of, from morning till night?"

"Is it true?" I gasped.

"True? Ay, too true: as the Chandoses know to their cost. Was not this sufficient cause, think you, for poor young Mrs. Chandos to estrange herself from her husband?"

"Does she know it?" I asked in a low tone.

"She does know it. And it has turned her brain: so far as that at times she is not herself. At the full and change of the moon she becomes flighty, and requires surveillance. At other periods she is rational enough. There have been some occasional night scenes, I am informed, very painful. She has broken loose, made her escape into the corridor, and alarmed the house. To prevent these occurrences I sleep in her room."

"Always?"

"Only when she betrays symptoms of aberration of mind. It is for that reason chiefly that a companion is required for her: but she has become much better since she lived in what may be called seclusion. It was an awful blight to fall upon her life."

A hundred remembrances darted across me with regard to Mrs. Chandos; they had previously puzzled me, but this revelation fully explained them. *I* had witnessed one night scene in the corridor: and her strange words the evening I met her in the garden in her white silk dress, when we both were startled by the man who looked like Edwin Barley, were now accounted for. I had thought at the time they sounded like the words of one whose brain was confused, or partially gone."

"How did you become acquainted with the secret?" was my next question.

"That is my affair. I learnt it in a perfectly legitimate manner: but, whether or not, that has nothing to do with the present. Suffer me to counsel you to quit the house: there is no other way by which you can escape association with Mr. Chandos."

Her pertinacity vexed me. I have said that I felt angry with everything and everybody: it was the sort of anger that inclines its sufferer to obstinacy, and I gave her a sharp answer. It might have gone on to a quarrel, but that I left the room.

It was time for tea then, and I went down to it. How could I absent myself? Were the circumstances such that I, a lady born, could make a commotion over? No: and I felt as if I should like to cut my tongue out for having said what I did to Mr. Chandos that evening. Henceforth I would hold on my course, maintaining my own self-respect, and meet him coldly but calmly, as though nothing out of the common had ever passed between us.

He did not appear at tea; and, after waiting till I was tired, I took mine with what relish I might. Ah! this all-engrossing passion! what other is there like unto love? Fifty times that evening I caught myself yearning for his presence. Restless and uneasy I paced the room, now drawing aside the curtains and looking from the window into the night; forgetful of faces at the panes, forgetful of ghosts: all I thought of was Mr. Chandos.

And I saw him. I saw him pacing the broad walk, not the pine walk, where something else had been seen to pace. His arms were folded, and his head was bent as if in thought. I stood peeping at him. I know it was wrong, I know it would be called derogatory to every maidenly and moral feeling a young lady should possess, but so I did, and I can only write the truth. How long I watched, I know not; till bed-time, or near it: and then he came in.

A word or two passed between us, mere commonplace sentences, and I prepared to retire. He said good-night, and held out his hand as usual. Should I take it? A short debate with myself, and then I shook hands coldly with him. Had *I* not decided to make no fuss?—and all the fuss in the world could not convert bad into good.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Smithers, telling of some of his trials, said he had been shipwrecked once, was burned out twice, and had to pay the bills of three of his friends for whom he had endorsed, fell through a coal-trap in the pavement and broke a leg, and was arrested by the sheriff on the morning of his marriage for debt he didn't owe. But all these troubles he bore without murmuring; the great trial of his life was, that his wife wouldn't let him smoke in the parlor.

☞ William Cullen Bryant, on his return from Europe, and after describing the small private residences of Paris, London, Boston, and Philadelphia, says, that "Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, New York, are absolutely unsurpassed anywhere for the magnificence of their private dwellings."

☞ Good reader, if you and I ever reach our Father's house, we will look back and see that the sharp-tongued, rough-visaged teacher Disappointment was one of our best guides to bring us hither. He often took us by thorny paths. He often stripped us of our overload of worldly goods; but that was only to make us travel the freer and the faster on our Heavenward way. He often led us into the valley of the death shadow; but never did the promises read so sweetly to us as when read by the light of faith in that very valley.

☞ THE TENACITY OF THE "SACRED TIE."—It has been judicially decided in New York, that where a husband knocks his wife down twice by blows on the nose, once by a blow on the cheek, and then shakes a billet of wood at her, "the provocation is too slight to dissolve that sacred tie, which binds her to her husband for life, for better or worse." *The husband must keep doing so if he wants his wife to be freed from him. But how long?*

☞ Professor Hunt, of England, asserts that the internal heat of the earth does not increase in the same ratio at great depths as near the surface; and he attributes the heat, not to internal fires—as is most generally believed by men of science—but to chemical action going on among the rocks.

☞ MOTTO FOR THE RURAL DISTRICTS.—In view of the many terrible accidents that always occur at this season from the careless use of scythes and mowing machines, Vanity Fair suggests that the following inscription be placed on all such instruments:—"Remember in the hay-day of thy life that all flesh is grass."

☞ During a Union celebration in San Francisco an honest Dutchman, who had imbibed too much lager, was heard to exclaim, "Hoorarh for dish Union!" A patriot, who stood near, gave him a blow and said—"There's for your disunion—we'll have no Secessionists about here." The Teuton, whose ire rose at the thought of being called a traitor, returned as good as he got. "Dat ish for change. I hoorarh for dish great pig Union, and de Constitution, and de flags, as much as I likes: and I fights for him, too. I say, hoorarh for de Union." The patriot apologized, and the last seen of the honest Dutchman he was swinging his hat in the distance, and crying to the people, "Hoorarh for de Union."

☞ A woman down East has commenced a suit of divorce against her husband, because he would not allow her to apply her tongue to the stopper of the molasses jug every time she used it—a privilege every Yankee woman considers sacred.

OBSTINACY OF THE SEA-HORSE.—The walrus is an obstinate animal, and does not fly on the approach of man; on the contrary, forming themselves into a body, they go and meet him, and resist any attempt on his part to proceed. When a company of travellers meet these animals on the shore they are forced to fight their way through them; and, if the walruses are pelted with stones, they gnaw them with their teeth, but afterwards attack the men with redoubled fury, rending the air with the most tremendous growling. These animals seem to be fully aware of the effect of united resistance and attack, and also of the utility of keeping in masses and ranks; for, should any one attempt to retreat, those in his rear fall upon, and compel him to keep in the ranks, or kill him. Sometimes it happens that when one walrus attempts to stop another, who is retreating, they all begin to suspect each other of being inclined to fly; and, in that case, the contest often becomes universal. When two are fighting with one, the others come to the aid of the weaker side. While they are thus fighting on the land, others that are in the water raise their heads, and look on for a time, till they also become enraged, swim to shore, and join in the combat.

THE ORIENTAL WOMEN are copying the Frank style of dress. "I have seen," says an eastern correspondent of the The Boston Traveller, "a Princess, from Mount Lebanon, who, after remaining in Beyrout awhile, adopted hoops; and this lady called on me once with crinoline in a most dilapidated state, which, instead of giving her robe an expansive and round appearance, the broken steel caused it to project here and there in points and angles. Her stays were also a failure, and the poor lady had made up her robe, from Paris, with imitation flounces, the wrong way. Her head was covered with pearls and diamonds, but the effect of these was spoiled by an intermixture of faded French flowers.

☞ How to make a Boat Fly. *Feather* the oars.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 7, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

We see several statements in the papers respecting the comparative numbers of the Union and Rebel forces now in the field.—To show the reliability of such statements, we may quote from two of our daily contemporaries, both of which are doubtless as well informed as any of their neighbors.—The Washington correspondent of the *Inquirer* says:—

The Confederates have now in arms, according to their own accounts, forces distributed about as follows:—

	No. of Men.
Beauregard's forces, west of Washington,	80,000
Johnson's forces, at and near Leesburg,	40,000
Magruder's forces, at Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg,	20,000
At batteries on Potomac, York, James, and Rappahannock Rivers,	12,000
At Yorktown,	12,000
At Norfolk and Portsmouth,	10,000
At Richmond,	5,000
Forces of Generals Lee and Floyd, in Western Virginia,	50,000
At Lynchburg (Camp of Instruction),	10,000
Total,	239,000

The disposition of the forces in the immediate vicinity of Washington, is apparently in the form of a crescent, the horns resting near the Chain Bridge and Shooter's Hill, and the crescent near Ball's and Bailey's Cross Roads. There are strong detachments at Falls Church, at Vienna, at Fairfax, at Centreville, and at Germantown. The great Parrot gun, captured by the enemy at Bull Run, has been brought up by them to a hill near Bailey's Cross Roads, and placed in position there, behind their entrenchments.

The *Boston Journal*, however, "presumes" the following "to be a close approximation to the truth:"—

In Eastern Virginia,		90,000
Western Virginia,		10,000
Missouri,		53,000
New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Savannah, Apalachicola and Charleston,		15,000
Tennessee,		15,000
Texas,		5,000
North Carolina,		4,000
		192,000
Rebel forces in Eastern Virginia,		90,000
Number required to watch Banks and the Upper Potomac,	15,000	
Number required to guard Manassas, Richmond, Norfolk, York and Fredericksburg,	15,000	30,000
Largest number available to attack Washington,		60,000

It will be observed that these authorities—which we have no doubt are as reliable as any others—differ in their estimate of the Rebel force in Eastern Virginia, as 90,000 differs from 189,000. To be sure the *Inquirer* derives its account from secession sources, but it does not call their accuracy into question—thinking, very likely, that it is safer to over-estimate than to under-estimate an enemy's strength.

The *Boston Journal* also gives the following estimate of the Union forces now in the field:—

Estimate of United States troops, August 28th—

At and around Washington	100,000
Baltimore	7,000
Harper's Ferry (?)	15,000
Frederick	2,000
Fortress Monroe	6,000
Western Virginia	20,000
Aggregate	150,000
Missouri and mouth of Ohio and Cairo	56,000
In the field	206,000

We print this estimate without the least apprehension of giving information to the enemy by so doing. It is the veriest guesswork. Whether there are 100,000 men at and around Washington, or only 60,000, very few people know. In fact, it is not easy to arrive at such information. A member of Congress, who ought to know about as well as the *Journal*, says 70,000—a surgeon attached to the army says over 100,000—others, who come from Washington, say frankly they do not know. If there be, however, 239,000 rebel troops in Virginia, East and West, and we have only 150,000, it is evident that we must not delude ourselves with the expectation of hearing of very brilliant operations in that quarter.

And now we wish simply to say that in blinding the press and people to the actual number of troops and the general state of affairs—a measure of which we highly approve—the administration must not forget that it is assuming a serious responsibility. It must now perforce *lead*, and not follow public opinion, in the management of the war. The press can no longer judge whether troops are enlisting with sufficient rapidity, and urge more stringent measures if they are not. All the press can say is:—"Put enough men into the field! If they can be got with sufficient rapidity by volunteering, well and good—but get them, even if they have to be drafted." The country is tired of hearing that our troops have to retreat from hard-fought fields because outnumbered. The country knows that time, money and life will all be saved by always outnumbering the enemy, instead of being outnumbered ourselves. Napoleon said this was the great art of war. If we must come to drafting, let us come to it, at once. Then the men will be provided—each man drafted will either go himself, or procure a substitute.

In case drafting should be resorted to, and the classes arranged by ages, we think it would be a mistake to call out first, as has been proposed, the very youngest class, between eighteen and twenty-five years. The constitution of young men, especially those between eighteen and twenty-one, generally is not sufficiently hardened for the active duties of a military life. The best age for soldiering, we believe, is between twenty-five and thirty-five years. Men of that period of life, as a general thing, are tougher than younger men, and more agile and vigorous than older ones.

Probably however the best plan, in case drafting is determined upon, is for the demand to be made upon the States for their due proportion of men, and the States be allowed to raise them as they please—so that they are raised within a certain time. In several States, we believe, the State laws already provide for drafting by lot the number of men required, from a list of all able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45—any one drawn being allowed to provide a suitable substitute.

In making these remarks we have not the least idea as to the necessities of the case. Recruiting may be going on with all necessary rapidity, or it may not—we only know that the requisite number of men should be obtained, and that the government by blinding the eyes of the people, has taken upon itself the responsibility of this as well as of other military matters. If there are not enough troops in the field in one month from this time, the government will be responsible for it. The Federal authorities are our eyes now—no influential press is invoking them to do this or to do that, because no press has the means of even judging, except in a very general way, what ought to be done. Let the government feel therefore that it has taken the responsibility, and act with a foresight and vigor proportionate to the magnitude of the crisis.

SHAM BATTLES.

The British journals laugh over the recent battles as mere play; which has tempted some of our journals into comparisons, which, we all know, are "odious."

The battle of Alma River has been described in English newspapers and volumes—in prose and verse—as a most terrific affair. At that battle the allied French and English had 40,000 troops, of which number 3,242—or a fraction over 8 per cent.—were killed and wounded. At the recent "*sham*" battle at Manassas, the force really engaged—that which crossed Bull's Run—was 18,000 men. The kiled and wounded at Manassas was 1,792, or nearly *ten* per cent. of the divisions under fire.

At the recent battle near Springfield, Missouri, we had, according to the official reports, 4,300 men, who were opposed to from three to five times their number—of this there is now no doubt—and our loss in killed and wounded was 925, or over 21 per cent.!

That the behavior of our troops at Manassas was what it should have been, no one will assert—that the panic was foolish and shameful, all will agree—but that there was good fighting on that field, through the greater part of a long summer's day, and that it was no "sham" battle, no "child's play," the record of the killed and wounded fully proves. As to the fighting near Springfield, it was worthy of veteran troops—and fully warrants the warm commendations in the general order issued by Fremont.

MISSOURI.—Major-General Fremont has issued a Proclamation declaring Martial Law in the state of Missouri. The estates of all rebels will be confiscated, and their slaves, if they have any, declared free men. Affairs in Missouri look very dark, and Fremont's action but represents the general determination of the North to win in this contest, at any cost, to themselves or to others.

OUR TRIAL.

It is very evident from the tone of the English and other European papers, that both the republican institutions and the very character of the people of the United States, are now considered as subjected to a trial which will prove whether they have any real virtue, force and superiority in them, or whether they are unmitigated shams.

It is somewhat amusing, and somewhat vexatious, to read many of these European speculations—but two conclusions we hope all Americans are fast coming to. First, that our foreign critics, as a general thing, do not know what they are talking about; and, secondly, that it is not much matter whether they do or not.

We are to be saved by ourselves. Our success will do more to enlighten Europe as to the merits of our cause than any or all things else. And we must win our triumph by our own unassisted energies—not even asking the *sympathy* of any other nation. "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he is sure not to be disappointed."

Certain English journals almost upbraid us for our comparative calmness over the disgrace of the Manassas panic. They do not see that the reason is that we are not conscious of having been seriously beaten. We have hardly yet begun to fight. We can stand not only two such defeats—but a dozen of them. The rebels now think that if they could only occupy Philadelphia, they could dictate a peace. Nonsense. They might occupy New York also,—and it would amount to nothing, but to give new energy and desperation to the contest on our part. The British in the Revolution thought so too—they did occupy our principal cities—did they conquer us?

But it would be a burning shame to suffer the passage of a secession army over the border line of Pennsylvania. If the rebels attempt it in bravado or utter desperation, we should be prepared to take advantage of a movement which will prove so favorable to us if we are duly prepared for it. We should always have a large reserve in training in Pennsylvania. The expense is nothing compared to the shame, waste, and forced contributions of an hostile inroad.—Are our authorities prepared for any possible emergency? In case of another and a greater defeat in Virginia, we should have new reserves to send forward. In case of a hostile movement northward, we should have a force to meet it in front and flank, and thus take it in front and flank and rear. Are our leaders prepared for any emergency that may arise? If they are not, let them be up and doing.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The *New York Times*, in a recent article, thus "pitches into" the *Herald*:—

> The general impression of the public is, that the editor of *The Herald* is constitutionally incapable of telling the truth. It may be so; but we should feel much better satisfied of the fact, if he had ever made the attempt. But we defy any man to point to a single incident in his whole life, or a single sentence in the files of *The Herald*, from the day it was started until now, which indicates the faintest possible preference for truth over falsehood. From the beginning to the end of his career he has been steadily and unwaveringly consistent, in never telling the truth when a lie would answer his purpose half as well. This may be "constitutional," or it may be the result of calculation; but it is systematic. Whenever he has an object to accomplish, he never shows the slightest scruple as to the means of reaching it; and as in nine cases out of ten his objects are purely malignant and devilish, naturally enough falsehood and calumny are the weapons which he wields.

Whether the above be true or not of the "editor" of the *Herald*, it certainly is tolerably true of the *Herald* itself. That a paper so inconsistent and unscrupulous should have a large circulation, is a disgrace to the country. Those that hate and dislike America abroad, continually quote the articles of the *Herald*, in order to prove how blatant and unprincipled a people we are. Of late the *London Times* has been using the stupid or, it may be, traitorous articles of the *Herald* relative to Canada, in order to excite the ill will of the English people against the Northern States.

As to the influence of the *Herald* in American affairs, it may be estimated as something very far from potential. Every one knows that it advocated the election of Col. Fremont to the Presidency, and that Fremont was defeated; and opposed the election of Mr. Lincoln, and that he was elected by a large majority. In fact, it is a question whether the advocacy of the *Herald* does not injure a man or party more than it benefits it. Probably those who read it regularly are those who have the least confidence in its honesty. We should think no constant reader could respect it, except one who had the very shortest kind of a memory.

THE NAVY.

The Secretary of the Navy has not been as idle and inefficient as is generally supposed. The war found him with the navy scattered all over the globe—the work of the traitors previously in office. Since his accession there has been the following amount of work done:—

Vessels purchased,	78
Vessels chartered,	10
Steam Sloops building,	8
Gun-Boats building,	23
Vessels now in service in Atlantic and Gulf squadrons,	59
In Potomac squadron,	25
Vessels ordered home,	12
Vessels captured,	80
Vessels fitting out,	35

Give the Department a little more time, and it will seal up the southern coast as tight as a cork does a bottle.

The country expects this, and also active offensive operations along the whole line of the seaboard, so soon as the cold weather sets in. Those gentlemen who talk of attacking our Northern cities should be found employment at home.

EUROPEAN TAXATION.

England and France are now at peace, yet their ordinary annual expenditure is as follows:—

Great Britain,	£70,000,000,	or	$350,000,000
France	1,700,000,000f,	or	$323,000,000

The ordinary expenditure of our general government is about $70,000,000; our yearly expenditure during the present war will probably average $300,000,000, or about the usual expenditure of France and England. The expenditure, however, of our state governments must be added to that of the general government, to make the comparison a perfectly fair one.

Of course our English friends, being Free Traders, have no tariff, as some ignorant and innocent souls may think. They have a little arrangement of that kind, however, which produces about double what our "abominable" tariff will produce. Here is what their little arrangement yields, at five dollars to the pound:—

Duties on sugar,	£6,094,000,	or	$30,470,000
Duties on tobacco,	5,674,000,	or	28,370,000
Duties on tea,	5,444,000,	or	27,220,000
Duties on spirits,	2,531,000,	or	12,655,000
Duties on wines,	1,174,000,	or	5,870,000
All other articles,	2,248,000,	or	11,240,000
Year,	£23,165,000		$115,825,000

According to British Free Trade ideas, it is a great sin to tax iron, hardware, and cotton and woolen goods; but no sin to tax sugar, tobacco, tea, spirits, wines, &c. By what principle worth a rush they make this distinction, it would puzzle one to say. As near as we can get at it, it is this—it is not wrong to tax the importation of sugar, tobacco, tea, &c., because they do not grow in England; if they did grow in England, then it would be wrong to tax them. Our readers may think this style of reasoning nonsensical—if they do, it is just what we think. But the selfishness of the British manufacturing classes is so great, that they dignify a system which is simply based upon their own pecuniary interests, as being dictated by great moral and intellectual principles. It is just as if they should claim that they conquered and now hold India for the benefit of its inhabitants, and not for their own money-making purposes. We have not much objection to their advocating Free Trade in certain articles, or holding India, but we despise the attempt to varnish over Selfishness with a spurious Philanthropy.

What nonsense for Englishmen to talk of Free Trade in the face of a Tariff yielding yearly $115,825,000—about double, we believe, what ours will yield. What is the difference between our putting a tariff on English iron, and their putting a tariff of the very heaviest kind on Chinese tea and American sugars and tobacco?

As to our new income tax, our people may take comfort in knowing that this war tax is not nearly so heavy as the income tax paid by our British friends in time of peace. And it would be a pity, if the citizens of America were not willing to bear, in a time like this, a burden somewhat equivalent to that which the people of England and France continually endure.

THE RESERVE.

The Pennsylvania regiment of artillery, now in service at Washington, is said to be the first artillery *regiment* ever organized in the United States. It is composed of eight companies, recruited from different portions of the State—two companies and four captains are from Philadelphia. Four of the companies are with the Pennsylvania Reserve, under Gen. McCall, at Tenellytown, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, above Washington. The recent review of McCall's Division by the President and Gen. McClellan is said to have been the finest ever seen on this continent. A gentleman who was present informs us that the troops looked and marched well. After the review, General McClellan addressed the commissioned officers, saying he was pleased with their proficiency—that their State looked to them to preserve the honor of Pennsylvania—and that, a Pennsylvanian himself, he felt that upon their action would depend somewhat his own reputation.

We trust that in the hour of battle, the Pennsylvania volunteers will remember that a Pennsylvanian is at their head, and, let others do what they will, be true to their cause, their commander, and the old Keystone.

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

We are pleased to be able to say that indications of the speedy revival of business are by no means wanting. The woollen mills in this city and New England are, we believe, generally commencing operations. Some in this city, we are informed, are working night and day. Of course the first demand is for clothing, &c, for the army—but this demand must indirectly impart an activity to numerous other branches of manufacture. We do not see how it is possible that the Government should spend from half-a-million to a million of dollars a day, for provisions, clothing, munitions of war, &c., without that expenditure soon having the effect to quicken the dormant energies of trade and business. We only need a victory or two to impart confidence in the eventual success of the Federal arms, in order to set the wheels of industry again in full motion.

Disease Among the Bakers.—"I have met," says a Manchester surgeon, "with more than twice as many cases of disease among the bakers as among all the other artizans put together, the number of men in each case being equal." A journeyman baker is considered to be used up at the age of forty.—*London Lancet.*

That is probably owing to the fact that the bakers eat their own bread. If eating baker's bread regularly does not kill a man, he must have the stomach of an ostrich. The foolishest thing done by citizens is to eat baker's bread—sour trash, sweetened with alum: the foolishest thing done in the country is to allow the miller to bolt all the bran from the flour, in order that the housewife may boast of her fine, white loaves.

THE REGULAR ARMY.

After vain efforts to collect the New York Fire Zouaves at an encampment in that city, one hundred and fifty of them have been sent to a camp on Bedloe's Island, and the rest are being gradually arrested as deserters.

The Fire Zouaves of New York would make excellent soldiers, if under proper discipline; but whether they will be under that discipline in the volunteers, is somewhat doubtful. They are just the men for the regular army, and we are sorry an effort is not made to induce them to enlist in that branch of the service. The regular service stands no nonsense, and they would recognize that fact at once, and settle down soberly and contentedly to their duties. It is a pity that some special inducement has not been offered to promote enlistment in the regular army, for we suppose it is generally admitted that ten thousand regulars are fully equal to fifteen thousand volunteers. Even when the rank and file are made up of the same material in both services, the volunteers are less reliable than the regulars. In the one case, both men and officers look upon war as the business of their lives—the discipline is stricter, and soldierly pride more prevalent. In the case of the volunteers, the service is looked upon as a temporary thing, the officers are not so well informed and capable, and a failure as military men is not the failure of their chief aspirations. Volunteer soldiering is thus to a degree amateur soldiering.

Of course we do not mean to depreciate the services of the volunteers, but what is true of everything else is true of war. The man whose regular business it is to do a thing, is the man to be preferred above the mere volunteer. What a man looks forward to as the business of his life, he prosecutes with an energy and an earnestness that call forth his best powers.

We think, therefore, that good policy requires the building-up of the regular army until it is in some degree adequate to cope with what doubtless will prove the future exigencies of the country. Congress has authorized an increase, but we are inclined to think there is a general preference given by those who enlist to the volunteer regiments. It seems a pity to see so much good material as is in the Fire Zouaves going comparatively to waste, when it might be moulded into an effective and terrible corps by some competent commander of the regular service. Our volunteer Zouaves may become very good soldiers, but we never shall see any Zouaves rivalling the French Zouaves until we see a corps of that description in the regular army.

COUNT CAVOUR.

Miss Bremer, in her work on Switzerland and Italy, pictures the Italian Minister as follows:—

"I confess that at the first glance he reminded me more of an English red-complexioned country squire, who rides and hunts, eats good dinners, and takes life easily and gaily, than of a deep-minded statesman, who, with a secure glance and hand, steers the vessel of the State towards its destined port, over the stormy political sea. But very soon was that countenance lit up for me, and the more I studied it, during my tolerably long conversation with Cavour, the more significant and agreeable it seemed to me. They who have painted Cavour's portrait have not understood this countenance nor the character of this head. It has a *something in it almost square*, but at the same time refined. The complexion is fresh and delicate, the forehead magnificent, open, *with room in it for both lofty and broad ideas;* the glance of the light-blue eye is clear, lively and penetrative; the nose and the mouth remind me of those of Napoleon the Great, as does also the form of the countenance. They have his firmness and delicacy of outline. In the play of the muscles about the nose there is an arch expression, and the smile has the graciousness of the South. The figure is not tall, but strong and well built, and has something particularly solid and robust about it. The manners are calm, easy, very agreeable, and evince natural self-government. He may be seen wandering along the promenades, whistling carelessly, and playing with his cane—kindly greeting his acquaintances, and with an appearance as if he had nothing else in the world to do but to go out and look about him. Such ought a statesman to be—if he can. Work, it is said, has always been his pleasure; and at this time it is only his love. *Not even slander has been able to attack his morals or his character.* His friends speak warmly of the goodness of his heart. His enemies have never experienced his hatred."

For ourselves, we have not a particle of doubt that if you had put Cavour into a company of English country squires, Miss Bremer with all her sage perceptions could not have picked him out. The fact is that great statesmen often look like ordinary men, and ordinary men like great statesmen. As to Miss Bremer's statement that "not even slander has been able to attack his (Cavour's) morals or his character," it would go to prove that the Swedish authoress never reads the newspapers. We have seen his morals repeatedly attacked—how true of course the things stated were, of course we know not. Cavour, however, may be considered an eminently successful man—and, as the world goes, that means good statesmanship, good morals, and good everything else. In fact, "nothing succeeds like success."

NEW ALLIES OF THE UNION.

The *Richmond Enquirer*, which represents the "simon pures" of the secession party in Virginia, is indignant at the depreciation of the Confederate bonds. It says:—

"1. Let Congress declare, by solemn acts, that whoever shall ask or receive a per cent., in consideration of the exchange of one sort of money for another, whether it shall be specie for paper money, or one sort of paper money for another, shall *be guilty of treason, and punished with death.*

"5. *Require each bank in the Confederacy to redeem the bills of any other bank* Let Congress be warned, and *woke up* to the financial perils which beset us. *The banks are the allies of Lincoln.*"

If the "banks are the allies of Lincoln" and the Union, it will aid in lessening the duration of the struggle very much. We think it very likely that if they are not now, they soon will be, if the Confederate leaders pass any act resembling that which the *Enquirer* recommends. The idea of *punishing with death* the offence of asking a premium for specie, is one rather ahead even of Marat and Robespierre. But the folly of such an idea surpasses its blood-thirstiness. Even the death penalty will not keep the worthless Confederate scrip, or equally worthless bank notes, at par. Next we shall have the *Enquirer* threatening with death the makers of all thermometers which show a lower or higher temperature than the welfare of the rebel troops requires.

"HUMBLE PIE."

Believing, as we do, that "Humble Pie" is the very best diet just now for the people of these United States—the diet which will prove productive in the end of most efficiency and courage—we lay a fresh portion before our readers. The *London Punch* comes to us this week full of ridicule of the Federal forces. Its leading engraving is of our volunteers running away—"to take Canada," as Punch sarcastically supposes—while Johnny Bull stands by laughing, and says, "Hullo, brother Jonathan, where are you all running to?" Then we have the following:—

A Fast Race.—The Yankees have long been extremely fond of boasting that they are the most go-a-head of nations; and after hearing how they went a-head in running from Bull's Run, we cannot well dispute there being some ground for their boast.

The Run Upon Washington.—The defeat of the Federalist forces at Bull's Run, will, it is said, lead to a change in the name of the rivulet so heretofore denominated. Those who are apt to boast that they whipped Bull have now been whipped themselves. Bull's Run that was, therefore, we understand, is henceforth to be called Jonathan's Run.

The following verses also are devoted to Yankee prowess:—

THE RUN FROM MANASSAS JUNCTION.

Yankee Doodle went to war,
On his little pony,
What did he go fighting for,
Everlasting goney!
Yankee Doodle was a chap
Who bragged and swore tarnation,
He stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it Federation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, he went forth
To conquer the Seceders,
All the journals of the North,
In most ferocious leaders,
Breathing slaughter, fire, and smoke,
Especially the latter,
His rage and fury to provoke,
And vanity to flatter.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle having floored,
His separated brothers,
He reckoned, his victorious sword
Would turn against us others.
Secession first he would put down
Wholly and for ever;
And afterwards, from Britain's crown,
He Canada would sever.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

England offering neutral sauce
To goose as well as gander,
Was what made Yankee Doodle cross,
And did inflame his dander.
As though with choler drunk, he fumed,
And threatened vengeance martial,
Because Old England had presumed
To steer a course impartial.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle bore in mind,
When warfare England harassed,
How he, unfriendly and unkind,
Beset her, and embarrassed;
He put himself in England's place,
And thought this injured nation
Must view his trouble with a base
Vindictive exultation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We for North and South alike
Entertain affection;
These for negro Slavery strike:
Those for forced Protection.
Yankee Doodle is the Pot;
Southerner the Kettle:
Equal morally, if not
Men of equal mettle.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, near Bull's Run,
Met his adversary;
First he thought the fight he'd won:
Fact proved quite contrary.
Panic-struck he fled, with speed
Of lightning glib with unction
Of slippery grease, in full stampede,
From famed Manassas Junction.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

As he bolted, no ways slow,
Yankee Doodle holloaed
"We are whipped!" and fled, although
No pursuer followed.
Sword and gun right slick he threw
Both away together,
In his cap, to public view,
Showing the white feather.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, Doodle, Do,
Whither are you flying,
"A cocked-hat we've been licked into,
And knocked to Hades," crying?
Well, to Canada, Sir-ree,
Now that, by Secession,
I am driven up a tree,
To seize that there possession.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle, be content,
You've had a lenient whipping;
Court not further punishment
By enterprize of stripping
Those neighbors, whom if you assail,
They'll surely whip you hollow;
Moreover, when you've turned your tail,
Won't hesitate to follow.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

We trust this week's dose of "Humble Pie"—rather heavy to be sure, where lightness was of right to be expected—will be well digested by our readers. If any man, however, feels like using emphatic expressions after taking his portion, we trust he will refrain from so doing. Let not that determination evaporate in words that should only find vent in deeds—deeds which shall prove ere many months have elapsed, that we are a nation of men and not of mere braggarts.

Sad News from Baltimore.—It is said that all the babies born recently in the "first families" of Baltimore, have turned-up noses. The reason is supposed to be that the "first family" ladies of that city, who are generally secessionists, cannot take a walk in the streets without turning-up their noses constantly. If they see an American flag, they turn up their noses; if they see a Northern volunteer they turn up their noses; if they see an Union acquaintance, they turn up their noses. In fact their noses are kept so constantly turned-up that they are growing so, and affecting, as we have said, their innocent children. This is much to be regretted, as Baltimore heretofore has been noted for the beauty of its ladies. If this thing be not stopped, the Baltimore turn-up will become as much of an institution as the Parisian pug.

☞ We see it stated that four leading secession editors were killed at the battle of Manassas.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Framley Parsonage. By **Anthony Trollope**, author of Dr. Thorne, &c. With Illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

One of the most racy and amusing books that has made its appearance for some time, even including other works of the same author. Mr. Trollope has his full share of that manner, entirely peculiar to English writers, we believe, which seems to mock at earnestness and pathos, and ridicule his own approaches to sentiment whenever they occur, while yet there is a strong undercurrent of earnestness which is at times almost tragic. His writings are pre-eminently those of a man of the world—the world of politics and society—the world which, in pious phrase, is generally connected with "the flesh and the devil;" yet they are those of a man of principle, too. Never does he fail to mark the choice between good and evil, the turning point in a man's life whence "*facilis decensus averni,*" and to point the moral with the avenging fate that follows the lapse into the downward path, which with a kind of jesting slang he calls "the nemesis." Withal, there is a catholic toleration for human errors, and care taken to show the good that often lingers in a man long after the world has given him up as hopeless. There are some touches in the character of Sowerby, swindler and spendthrift that he is, which of themselves would suffice to elevate Mr. Trollope from the station of an amusing novelist to that of a moral teacher.

The characters in "Framley Parsonage" seem to us real live people, such as we could go out in the world and meet any day, if we kept our eyes wide enough open. If exceptions were made, it would be that the female characters are more clever, more amusing, more frank and unconventional in their talk than is quite accordant with fact. Such a young lady as Lucy Robarts, with such ease and vigor in conversation, rather verging on slang, is not a young lady that we are accustomed to meet. We almost wish she were, for she is certainly very amusing. But it is rather astounding to find a heroine discussing her unfortunate love-affair with her confidante in such a style as this:—

"Fanny, you have no idea what an absolute fool I am, what an unutterable ass. No, it has not been his fault. The soft words which did the mischief were such as I have told you. But how well his mother understood the world! In order to have been safe I should not have dared to look at him."

"But, dearest Lucy—"

"I know what you are going to say, and I admit it all. He is no hero. There is nothing on earth wonderful about him. I never heard him say a single word of wisdom, or utter a word that was akin to poetry. He devotes all his energies to riding after a fox or killing poor birds, and I never heard of his doing a single great action in my life. And yet—"

Fanny was so astounded by the way her sister-in-law went on, that she hardly knew how to speak.

"He is an excellent son, I believe," at last she said.

"Except when he goes to Gatherum Castle. I'll tell you what he has; he has fine straight legs, and a smooth forehead, and a good-humored eye, and white teeth. Was it possible to see such a catalogue of perfections, and not fall down, stricken to the very bone? But it was not that that did it all, Fanny. I could have stood against that. I think I could, at least. It was his title that killed me. I had never spoken to a lord before. Ah, me! what a fool, what a beast I have been!" And then she burst out into tears.

* * * * * * *

"What is it that I feel, Fanny? Why am I so weak in my body that I cannot take exercise? Why can I not keep my mind on a book for one moment? Why should every mouthful that I eat stick in my throat? Oh, Fanny, is it his legs, think you, or is it his title?"

Through all her sorrow—and she was very sorrowful—Mrs. Robarts could not help smiling. Lucy acted the irony so well with which she strove to throw ridicule on herself.

* * * * * * *

"And what shall I do next?" said Lucy, still speaking in a tone half tragic and half jeering.

"Do?" said Mrs. Robarts.

"Yes, something must be done. If I were a man I should go to Switzerland, of course; or, as the case is a bad one, perhaps as far as Hungary. What is it that girls do? They don't die, now-a-days, I believe."

"Lucy, I do not believe you care for him one jot. If you were in love, you would not speak of it like that."

* * * *

"But, Fanny, it is very hard. If I were to starve, and rise before daylight, and pinch myself, and do some nasty work—clean the pots and pans and the candlesticks—that, I think, would do the most good. I have got a piece of sackcloth, and I mean to wear that when, I have got it made up."

This is rather strong, yet still Miss Lucy is a very charming girl, and we are not inclined to quarrel with Lord Lufton's taste. One thing is certain, there is a hearty respect and esteem for womanliness shown in this book. Thackeray, whom Mr. Trollope resembles in some points, contrasts strongly with him here. The sarcastic flings of the former at women, which are not in the least sweetened by his overdone praises of the disagreeable female that figures as the Good Woman of his novels, are set off by the manner in which the latter makes the women of his books really wiser and better than the men. When once he brings his unlucky hero to confide his troubles to his wife, we are very sure that the tangled skein is soon to be made straight.

There is much detail in regard to political and ecclesiastical arrangements and wire-pulling; more than can be entirely intelligible to readers not posted up in minor English affairs. Some public characters are so marked out that it seems almost too personal—Lord Boanerges, Sidonia, and the "chief of the gods," are of course plainly recognizable as Lord Brougham, D'Israeli, and Lord Palmerston, and there are others that may be easily guessed at. The humorous hits at the *Times*, under the cognomen of the "*Jupiter,*" are very good; and the hints of the *modus operandi* of manufacturing its thunderbolts should be rather pleasing to Americans just now. It should be satisfactory to be shown that those noisy thunderbolts are not the scathing fire of Heaven, but only the rattling of sheet-iron behind the scenes; and that the "Jupiter" really does not much make, and does not at all represent the public sentiment of England. With this, as much as with any other inference to be drawn from what Mr. Trollope writes, we heartily agree.

LATER NEWS.

Capture of Two Forts in North Carolina—First Success of the Naval Expedition.

Headquarters Department of Va.,
Fortress Monroe, Va., Aug. 31.
General Order, No. 8.

The commanding General has great satisfaction in announcing a glorious victory, achieved by the combined operations of the Army and Navy, at Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, under the command of Commodore Stringham and Major General Butler. The result of this gallant enterprise is the capture of 715 men, including the commander, Barron, and one of the North Carolina Cabinet, 1,000 stand of arms and 75 kegs of powder, 5 stand of colors, 31 pieces of cannon, including a ten-inch columbiad, a brig loaded with cotton, a sloop loaded with provisions and stores, 2 light boats, 150 bags of coffee, &c., all of which was achieved by the army and navy, and 800 volunteers and 60 regular artillery of the army.

This gallant exploit will not fail to stimulate the regulars and volunteers to greater achievements.

Obedience, order, discipline, and instructions are indispensable to maintain the interest, honor, and humane institutions of the Union.

By command of Major-General Wool,
[Signed] Charles Churchill,
Capt. 3rd Artillery, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Butler, accompanied by Commander Stellwagen and others connected with the military and naval forces, have arrived at Washington. The brilliant exploit on the North Carolina coast soon spread throughout the city, and occasioned unbounded joy among all loyal people. The result of the expedition is claimed to be the possession of the entire North Carolina coast.

The footing obtained in North Carolina will be permanently held, and Wilmington ultimately taken possession of, thus giving the rebels in Virginia a fire in the rear.

IMPORTANCE OF THE VICTORY

From Gen. Butler's report to Gen. Wool, we learn that the number of the land forces was as follows:—

Five hundred of the Twentieth Regiment New York volunteers, Col. Weber commanding; 220 of the Ninth Regiment New York volunteers, Col. Hawkins; 100 of the Union Coast Guard, Capt. Nixon commanding; 60 of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, Lieut. Larned.—Gen. Butler says:—

The position of the fort is an exceedingly strong one; nearly surrounded on all sides by water, and only to be approached by a march of 500 yards circuitously over a long neck of sand within half musket range, and over a causeway a few feet only in width, and which was commanded by two 32 pound guns loaded with grape and canister, which we expended in our salute.

It had a well protected magazine and bomb proof, capable of sheltering some three or four hundred men. The parapet was nearly of an octagon form, enclosing about two-thirds of an acre of ground, covered with sufficient traverses and ramparts upon which our shells had made but little impression. The larger work, nearer this inlet, was known as Fort Hatteras. Fort Clark, which was about seven hundred yards northerly, is a square redoubt, mounting five guns and two six-pounders. The enemy had spiked these guns, but in a very inefficient manner, upon abandoning the work the day before.

I had all the troops on shore at the time of the surrender of the forts, but re-embarked the regulars and marines. I disembarked the provisions, making, with the stores captured, five days' rations for the use of the troops.

On consultation with flag-officer Stringham and Commander Stellwagen, I determined to leave the troops and hold the forts, because of the strength of the fortification, its importance, and because of the difficulty of its recapture, if again in the possession of the enemy with a sufficient armament, until I could get further instructions from the Government. Commodore Stringham directed the steamers Monticello and Pawnee to remain inside, and these, with the men in the forts, are sufficient to hold the position against any force which is likely to be sent against it.

The importance of the point cannot be overrated. When the channel is buoyed out any vessel may carry fifteen feet of water over it with ease. Once inside, there is safe harbor and anchorage in all weather.

From there the whole coast of Virginia and North Carolina, from Norfolk to Cape Lookout, is within our reach by light draft vessels, which cannot possibly live at sea during the winter months. From it offensive operations may be made upon the whole coast of North Carolina to Bogue inlet, extending many miles inland to Washington, Newbern and Beaufort.

In the language of the chief engineer of the rebels, Col. Thompson, in an official report, "*it is the key of the Albemarle. In my judgment, it is a station second in importance only to Fortress Monroe,* on this coast; as a depot for coaling and supplies for the blockading squadron, it is invaluable. As a harbor for our coasting trade, or inlet from the winter storm, or from pirates, it is of the first importance. By holding it, Hatteras light may again send forth its cheering ray to the storm-beaten mariner, of which the worse than vandalism of the rebels deprived him. It has but one drawback—a want of good water. But that a condenser, like the one now in operation at Fortress Monroe, at a cost of a few hundred dollars, will relieve.

Papers Captured in Fort Hatteras.—A Traitor.—Among the papers captured was a copy of a paper from the late American Consul at Rio, Robert G. Scott, giving a list of all the vessels leaving or to leave that port during a month, with a full description of their cargoes and destination. By this information the rebel privateers knew just when and where to look for the vessels, and six named in the list have been captured.

The report of their Engineer-in-Chief was also among the papers. It states that all the good guns at Norfolk are expended, and also the whole amount of their fuses. Some home-made percussion caps were found, and it was ascertained that the copper had been stripped from one of these prizes, the Linwood, to furnish material for caps, the manufacture of which is of tolerable good quality.

The enemy's loss was ascertained to be twelve or fifteen killed and died of wounds, and thirty-five wounded. We did not lose a man.

Rebel Hopes of Invading the North.—A letter has been received in the Rapides parish from Gen. Beauregard, in which he says "We hope before long to make the enemy pay far all the depredations they have committed on our soil."

FROM MISSOURI.

St. Louis, Aug. 31.—The Republican reports that a force of Secessionists, 4,500 strong, attacked the 480 Home Guards and Federal troops in the entrenchments at Lexington on Thursday, and were repulsed with a loss of 60 killed, and that none of the Federals were killed. This report needs confirmation.

Charles McLaren, Basil W. Duke and Jas. H. Carlisle, the Secession Police Commissioners, have been removed by Gov. Gamble. The report that Palmyra was occupied by Secessionists under Martin Green, a few days ago, is untrue.

The money belonging to the Fayette Bank, which was seized by the Secessionists on Wednesday, has been returned.

Magoffin Captured.—*Jefferson City, Mo., September* 1.—Colonel Marshall's cavalry were at Georgetown on Thursday, and surrounded the town, taking Magoffin prisoner, with several others. One of Colonel M.'s force was killed and one badly wounded. They have probably reached Lexington by this time.

Kentucky.—The commissioners sent to Washington by Gov. Magoffin, have returned with dispatches from President Lincoln, expressing a willingness to await the action of the Kentucky Legislature. Things look like a collision in Kentucky.

Rebel Devastations in Missouri.—One thousand rebels were at Dry Glades, in Dade county, devastating the country. Every vestige of property belonging to Union men, in Green county, had been seized. A skirmish had taken place in Vernon county, east of Fort Scott, between Col. Montgomery, of the Kansas forces, and the rebel troops, under Raines. Reinforcements had been sent to Raines from Springfield.

Wheeling.—There was considerable excitement at Wheeling on the 1st, owing to a report that the Secessionists had risen in Marion County, and were marching on Fairmount. A train was dispatched with the Home Guard.

THE PROCLAMATION OF GEN. FREMONT.

St. Louis, Aug. 31.—The following proclamation was issued this morning:—

Headquarters of the Western Dep't.,
St. Louis, Aug. 30th.

Circumstances, in my judgment, of sufficient urgency render it necessary that the Commanding General of this Department should assume the administrative powers of the State—its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authority, the total insecurity of life and the devastation of property by bands of murderers and marauders, who infest nearly every county in the State to avail themselves of the public misfortunes, and the vicinity of a hostile force to gratify private and neighborhood vengeance, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder—finally demand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and outrages which are driving off the inhabitants and ruining the State.

In this condition the public safety, and the success of our arms require unity of purpose, without let or hindrance to the prompt administration of affairs.

In order therefore to suppress disorders, to maintain as far as is now practicable the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend and declare established Martial Law throughout the State of Missouri.

The lines of the Army of Occupation in this State are for the present declared to extend from Leavenworth, by way of the post of Jefferson City, Rolla, and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi river.

All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by Court Martial, and if found guilty will be shot.

The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri, who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with the enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if they have any, declared *free men.*

All persons who shall be proven to have destroyed, after the publication of this order, railroad tracks, bridges or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring aid to the enemies of the United States, in fomenting tumults, in disturbing the public tranquillity, by creating and circulating false reports or incendiary documents, are in their interest warned that they are exposing themselves.

All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are required to return to their homes forthwith. Any such absence without sufficient cause, will be held to be presumptive evidence against them.

The object of the declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to the existing laws, and such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand; but it is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner and with their customary authority, while the same can be peaceably exercised.

The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and in his efforts for their safety, hopes to obtain not only the acquiescence, but the active support of the people of the country.

(Signed) J. C. Fremont,
Major General Commanding.

☞ **Maine Soldiers.**—One of the exercises of the Aroostook Company of Volunteers, at Augusta, is to run at double quick a mile in seven minutes. They have brought with them into camp one of the lumberman's institutions—pork and beans, baked in a hole in the ground.

☞ Jenkins—of the *N. Y. Times*—writes that at Long Branch "there are subdued complaints that the wife of the President is not so accessible as she should be," and "some well-bred and genteel persons who have taken the pains to obtain introductions have failed in their efforts." Poor Jenkins!

☞ Mediums prophesy that Beauregard will be killed by a cannon ball.—*Banner of Light.* More probably, by a rope.

☞ **Mrs. General McClellan.**—Gen. McClellan three years ago (says a Hartford paper) married Miss Nellie Marcy, a lady well known in Hartford, who boarded at the Atlyn House, in that city, with her father's family. She is the daughter of Randolph Marcy, of the army, recently promoted to be Inspector-General.

☞ Mrs. Harvey says, "It is quite a mistake to suppose the Arabs spare those who have once partaken of their hospitality. As long as the stranger is under their immediate protection they respect both him and all that belongs to him; but no sooner has he left their encampment than he is lawful prey, and his former hosts are often the first thieves he encounters."

AMONG THE DEATHS.

I.

"Of fever, in Africa, Richard Brand."
The words start clear through the twilight gloom:
The paper drops from her shrinking hand,
And the presence of death fills all the room.

II.

A noble room, where the firelight falls,—
At fitful intervals falls and fades,—
On curtains of silk, on gilded walls,
On gleaming marble, crimson brocades.

III.

She waits alone for her husband's guest,
Lord Arthur,—he has dined with them often of late.
She waits, in jewels and velvet drest,
As befits her beauty and her estate.

IV.

On her arms and bosom, profusely bare,
Shine the diamonds she bought on her marriage day.
One red rose rests in the golden hair
With which Richard's fingers have used to play.

V.

Dead—Richard dead! and she is alone,
In her silk and velvet and jewels here.
Oh, soft white breast, make never a moan!
Oh, soft brown eyes, shed never a tear!

VI.

The time for moan or tear is over:
Nor tear nor moan can bring death to life.
What woman need weep for a dead poor lover
Who has honor and station,—a rich man's wife?

VII.

Honor and station! and Richard dead,
On the fevered shore of that distant land.
No faithful face at his dying bed;
No tender lips on his dying hand.

VIII.

And she loved him—she loved him! The poor false heart
For a moment bursts out with one honest cry.
For a moment the actress forsakes her part;
The woman returns to the love gone by.

IX.

And with him once more, in the purple light
Of the summer evening, she takes her place;
Where the starlit heaven o'er the moor shines white,
And all her heaven is in Richard's face.

X.

His arm is round her; she feels his kiss;
And her trembling breath comes thick and low
With the familiar foolish bliss,
The freshness, the passion of long ago.

XI.

What has she now? Her husband's name;
Settlements; diamonds; five hundred friends
To come to her parties; her beauty's fame;
Lord Arthur's homage. And so it ends.

XII.

No; something more. Far away, up-stairs,
Are her children. She sees them every day,
I believe;—but with so many vital cares
Of dances and dinners, what are they?

XIII.

Perhaps, in a different station, other
And humbler duties had lain to her hand.
She might have had leisure to be a mother
If she had married Richard Brand.

XIV.

But all that is over. Years ago
She sold herself freely—body and soul—
For the things that she holds in possession now;
And the sale was a wise one,—on the whole.

XV.

When Richard last held her to his breast
Her lips were stainless, her heart was true;
And now—and now—well, let that rest.
Richard is dead: let the past die too!

XVI.

Let the past die. The present is all.
Lord Arthur's step is upon the stair.
After dinner the opera and the ball;
This folly will surely not haunt her there.

XVII.

With a strange wild beauty her cheek is red;
With a strange wild lustre her eyes are bright;
But still the silent face of the dead
Looks full in her face that weary night.

XVIII.

And still, amidst music and whispered sighs,
Through her soul goes a shuddering under-breath,—
"Better be Richard Brand where he lies,
Than sunk in the slough of a living death!"

THE AUTHOR OF "MORALS OF MAY-FAIR."

WATER DRINKING.—Improper drinking of water has killed thousands. There have been instances where thirsty armies, after long marches, have come to a river, when the men would lie down on their faces and quaff an ordinary quantity of water with these results: some died almost instantly, others became crazy, and some staggered like drunken men. Avoid drinking water as much as possible while marching. When you feel dry, rinse the mouth with water, but do not swallow it. Men, when heated, should not drink anything cold. In a high state of perspiration ice-water only aggravates thirst.

Drink slowly. A half tumbler of water will suffice the thirstiest man in the world, if he *drinks by sips*. Take from twenty-five to one hundred sips, and swallow each time—it will quench thirst better than a quart drank in the usual manner. In fact it is almost impossible to get down a full glass of water, taken in this manner.

☞ The Secessionists of Kentucky have four months been working desperately to get the state into war. Failing to do it by any other means, they are now trying to accomplish the object by pretending to be great *friends of peace*. Now don't they cut a pretty figure?—*Prentice.*

BERTHA GRANT'S HONEYMOON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Come, Bertha, we shall be late for the cars," said young Philip Grant to his bride of scarce a fortnight.

She hastened mechanically her listless movements, but without meeting the eyes that sought her averted face. What had come between them? Theirs was emphatically a love match; hardly, in their own view, to be paralleled out of the high-wrought pages of poetry and romance. Why had darkness and coldness arisen between hearts that had thought to be blissfully one forever? It matters not. Sensible people would not be edified by details, and the young and undisciplined, who must needs see for themselves the folly of perverseness, may guess it out from their own consciousness. Enough that they had fallen upon one of the many ways by which men and women so united contrive to baulk the gracious purpose of Providence, and let the blessing slip through their fingers, while the fetter remains to gall them.

And now the young wife on her bridal tour, with everything arranged for happiness, was wholly miserable. Estrangement was death in life. The very blackness of desolation gloomed over her heart. Her sun had left the sky, and with him the glory of heaven and the beauty of earth. The finest natural scenery, that should have been a keen perpetual delight, passed her by like a dream. "He does not love me!" was her heart's incessant moan, all else forgotten in blind, unreasoning anguish.

The train dashed on with the rush and roar of some resistless power, silencing all but the briefest remarks, and leaving each to an isolation and introversion that suited Bertha's mood. A few seats in front of them sat a pair that at once arrested her languid attention—a lady and gentleman of those contrasted temperaments that love so often brings together, when, as Gœthe sings,

> "The glow and the sparkle of merry black eyes
> Are the life of a pair of blue ones."

They were evidently husband and wife, and not new in that relation, for a little girl of about six summers sat near them, who had inherited her father's sunny curls and a softened reflex of his eager look.

"Six years married," thought Bertha, "and truly married—how beautiful it is! They are one in heart and soul—happy in each other. So God intended it should be when He framed for man and woman His holy sacrament of marriage."

The lady's face as it turned toward her companion, was in such a position that all its changing play of expression could be read without apparent observation. It was quiet, refined, not beautiful in feature, but in countenance of rare attractiveness—clearly and purely loving, as one whose human affections were steadfast because their first allegiance had been given to God.

> "Her eyes alone smiled constantly, her lips had
> serious sweetness."

One thing struck upon Bertha's heart. Every expressive beam of those soft, dark eyes from under their veiling lashes—the whole light of her countenance upturned to his was utterly trusting, as a child smiling upon its mother. She felt instinctively the loveliness of faith; how natural it was that the husband should sun himself as he did in that grateful heart-warmth, and that all his ardent soul went out to her in blessing for the happiness she gave.

Conscience, arousing from its lethargy, began that searching scrutiny that pierces even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow. What was she doing? Grieving. Had she not a right to grieve at the loss of any portion of that treasure richer than all the world beside, dearer than life itself? How could anything on earth, aye in Heaven itself, give her joy if his heart was not wholly her own? But the dark sophistries that enshrouded her had lost their power to cheat. The clouds rolled up and rolled away before that living picture of a true marriage, its sweet reliance, answered by the proud, fond instinct of protection, its slightest glances electric interchanges of joy. "She is lovely—she makes him happy—do I make my husband happy?" She glanced timidly at Philip's face. It was pale and cold. Her vision, cleared from the mists of self, saw that he, too, suffered. Why had she not thought of that before? Of course it was so—in joy or sorrow nevermore alone; but men do not whine. That noble, tender spirit had suffered silently. Her heart softened, her love came back like a flood; not blessing, but piercing, as life rushes with sharp, quick agonies into a limb that has been frozen. Oh, what had she done! She who had challenged the pure passion of Juliet, the noble constancy of Imogene, the devotedness of Thekla, to match the living reality of her own, how had she failed! even wounding the heart that looked to her for peace and joy.

Still the lovely lady before her unconsciously read on, line upon line, Bertha's sentence of condemnation, and Philip stood justified, while she went down deep and deeper into the valley of humiliation. "How could mortal man love what was unlovely? Grieving, forsooth—don't it look like sulking?" Her soul shrank back aghast from the hateful word, but a light, clear, and strong as of the judgment-day, flamed upon her conduct, and no other name would it bear. The calm of conviction, the "Peace, be still!" came down upon her heaving, tossing spirit. The pride of great desert, the panoply of injured feeling was all gone now—dropped as an evil thing. If only she might retrace those false steps back to the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace! What business had she with questioning his love? Her part was simply to manifest her own.

The cars had been whirling them, hour after hour, along the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, and Bertha's eyes, now opened to the outward world as one who wakes from sleep, looked out, sad, but clear, upon the gliding landscape, woods, and meadows, and cultured fields. How many sweet homes nestled in the quiet nooks of those lovely hills that bounded her view for mile upon mile, fair in the dim distance as the Delectable Mountains! How infinite the ways in which the goodness of God is showered upon His children, baffled only by the intercepting shadow of their own willfulness! It was a different countenance that now met Philip's gaze. Mournful, subdued, but with something of an infinite hope shining through. Sadly, yet clearly, her eyes looked into his, their unspoken language—"I am nothing, but love can do all things," sending a thrill to his heart.

Fortunately for Bertha his nature was noble and generous, incapable of malice, overleaping expiation, and forgetting at once without the formula of forgiving. He felt that the clouds were gone, that the clear blue arched over them again, and cared for no explanations of the one or the other. Explanations involve pain, and of that they had already quite enough.

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death."

Bertha's eyes fastened upon this verse when she opened the Book for her nightly reading. It seemed to stand out with a new significance, as if but just uttered to her individual spirit. The sorrow she had been indulging, had it not dimmed her eye and paled her cheek, and darkened her countenance? Truly is was the sorrow that worketh death. How clearly shone out the distinction! On one side the deadly torpor of despair, on the other life, with its quick beating pulses, its abounding fruits.

"For behold this self-same thing that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge!"

THE DOCTOR AND THE NEGRO.

The late Dr. Miller, of Princeton, as all his students will remember, abounded in anecdotes which he related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of them occurs to us, just now, as specially applicable to the new converts which have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation. A celebrated judge was, in his earlier years, skeptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite servant who accompanied him in his travels round his circuit.—As they passed from court-house to court-house they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant, Harry, venturing at times to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity. As the judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him how he felt, and what he thought on various points. Among other things, Harry told his master that he was very often sorely tempted and tried by the devil. The judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that the devil attacked him (Harry) who was so pious a man, so sorely, while he allowed himself, who was an infidel and a sinner, to pass unnoticed and untempted.

Harry asked, "Are you right sure, master, that he does let you pass without troubling you?"

"Certainly I am," replied the judge; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not even so much as know that there is any such being in existence as the devil. If there is any such being he never troubles me."

"Well," said Harry, "I know that there is a devil, and that he tries me sorely at times."

Some days afterwards, when the judge had got through his docket, he concluded to go out on a hunt for wild ducks on one of the streams which lay across his road homeward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun, and made strenuous efforts, with the aid of clubs and stones, to secure the wounded ducks, while he permitted the dead ones to float on, for the time, unnoticed by him.—Harry, as he sat on the seat of the carriage, watched his master's movements with deep interest, and when he returned, said to him—

"Massa, while you was splashin' in the water after dem wounded ducks, and lettin' de dead ones float on, it jist come into my mind why it it is dat de debil troubles me so much while he lets you alone. You are like de dead ducks; he's sure he's got you safe.—I'm like de wounded ones, trying to git away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it, so he makes all de fuss after me, and jist lets you float on down the stream. He knows he can git you any time; but he knows it's now or never with me. If you were to begin to flutter a little and show signs like you were a-goin' to git away from him, he would make just as big a splashin' after you as he does after me."

HARD ON THE FASHIONABLES.—When a certain Oriental potentate wants to ruin one of his principal subjects he makes him a present of a white elephant, which the poor man is obliged to keep, and by which, therefore, he is soon financially eaten up. In this country the fashionable mamma, who contrives to inveigle a soft young man into marriage with her expensive daughter, saddles him with an incumbrance corresponding exactly to the white elephant, in very speedily reducing him to ruin, and, as it were, eating him out of house and home.

☞ No monument has ever been erected, in France or America, to Lafayette. A plain slab marks his last resting place at La Grange, surrounded by his family.

SINGULAR MATRIMONIAL CUSTOM.

In a review of a recent work of travel in Central Africa, in Blackwood's Magazine, we find the following account of a singular African custom:—

Let us accompany Mr. Petherick up the White Nile, and pause with him among the Hassanyeh tribe, whose customs are in some respects peculiar. For example, the marriage contract is not only a commercial transaction, as among most semi-civilized nations, but has a clause or two which make the European stare. When the preliminaries of a match are completed, and the highest bidder takes his place as the favored suitor, the parents of both suitor and damsel meet in the tent of the damsel's father; and a large gathering of relatives assembles to witness the marriage articles, some of which are written down. The favorite drink—merissa—is served round, and the amount to be paid by the bridegroom is settled, as well as the times of payment. Then comes the important clause. All ears are open while the bridegroom's father asks the mother of the bride how many days in the week the bride is to be considered a wife? The notion of "faithful forever" is too romantic for their minds. The wife is not bought out and out, but "jobbed," if we may use the phrase, for so many days in the week. When, therefore, the mother hears this question gravely put, and considers the money, the milch-cow, or even a couple of bullocks, which can be added to the purchase money, she falls back upon her family traditions (not unaided by imagination) for circumstances corroborative of the importance of her connection; and, referring to the youth and beauty of the bride, winds up with a lofty contempt at the idea of such charms and such a connection being purchased for so paltry a sum. Pressed to give her answer, she weighs everything and replies, that, having due regard to the "feelings of her family," she could not think of binding her daughter for more than two days in the week.

Two days! The intelligent bridegroom and his indignant father and friends start to their feet, adjust their scattered garments around their waists and shoulders, and refuse the proffered drink, threatening to break up the match. To a stranger it seems as if a row must be coming. One or two elders, however, always retained for the occasion, after a good deal of apparent resistance, succeed in pacifying the offended party, put an end to the vaporing and threats, and finally induce them to reseat themselves. The bowl is once more handed round, and an old peacemaker rises. His speech is a laudation of the bridegroom's purse and family; he enlarges on the splendor of the proposed dowry; and while amply acknowledging the value of the bride's family, and the beauty of the bride, insists that two days more should be added, and a suitable addition to the dowry be fixed upon by both. Two days added? What! four days in the week? The proposal creates another storm. The mother of the bride is heard eloquent above the yells. But peace is, after some squabbling, again restored. It is then proposed that, in consideration of a four-year-old milch-cow, a heifer, and a pair of yearling bulls, in addition to the twenty-five dollars offered, and fifty more payable in case of divorce, the marriage shall hold good, as is customary among the "first families" of the tribe, for full four days in each week—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. During the three remaining days the wife is free to act precisely as she chooses, either staying with her husband at home, or enjoying independence from all marital claims.

This ultimatum is accepted, and a general shaking of hands and congratulations, moistened with drink, keep up the hilarity of the meeting. An early day is fixed for the payment, and the guests remain drinking and feasting until the wedding takes place. Mr. Petherick observes that, although the men wear amulets, to secure the love of the one most dear, "the married men felt very highly flattered by any attentions paid to their better-halves during their free-and-easy days. They seem to take such attentions as evidence that their wives are attractive; nor is the legitimacy of a child ever called into question—the good man of the house hailing every increase to his family."

PORTER OR "ENTIRE."—The word "entire" on the signs of public houses in England, has often puzzled a stranger. A recent publication, however, lets in the following light on the subject:—"Before 1730, the English publicans sold to the thirsty souls of their day three sorts of beer, which they drew from different casks into the same glass, and gave to this mixture the name of half-and-half. The owner of one of these publics, (history has handed down his name,) Horwood, wishing to spare himself the trouble of performing this task so constantly during the day, hit upon brewing the beer which would combine the qualities of all these beers. To this compound he gave the name of 'entire,' which has adhered to it till this day, at least, on the signboards. It was afterwards christened 'porter,' because principally drunk by that class."

THE NECESSITY OF WAR.—The London Saturday Review is of opinion that war is a necessity, at least to the French nation. It says:—"The necessity is that by which a military despotism, created by the warlike passions of the nation, is bound to pander to the appetite from whence it springs, and find work for the vast army on which it rests. It is the necessity of war—war on whatever pretext, and in whatever place—war, now for an idea, now for religion, now for a natural frontier—war, now in the Crimea, now in Italy, now in Cochin China, now in Syria—but always war! While the Empire lasts, there may be war in the East, or there may be war in the West—there may be war with Russia, with Austria, or with Prussia—there may be, in the last resort, war with England—but somewhere and with somebody there will be war."

SINGULAR INTREPIDITY.

In 1776, Admiral Watson, having sailed with his squadron and the king's troops from Fort St. David to the assistance of Calcutta, in the East Indies, stopped at Mayapore, on the banks of the Ganges, where the enemy had a place of considerable strength, called Bougee Fort, which it was necessary to secure before he proceeded any farther in the expedition. The action was begun by a brisk cannonade from the squadron, which soon silenced the cannon of the fort; but the garrison not offering to surrender, and continuing to discharge fire arrows and small arms, it was determined, in a council of sea and land officers, that Colonel Clive should endeavor to take it by assault. For this purpose, at five in the evening, the Admiral landed an officer, two midshipmen, and about forty sailors from each ship, under the command of Captain King, to assist the Colonel in storming the fort, which he intended doing just before daylight, under cover of two twenty-four pounders, mounted close to the ditch. In the meantime, the Colonel had given directions that the whole army (the necessary guards excepted) and the detachment from the ships should rest on the ground, in order to recover themselves as much as possible from the fatigues they had undergone in the preceding day's service.

All was now quiet in the camp; and we on board the ships, which lay at their anchors but a small distance from the shore, had entertained thoughts of making use of this interval to refresh ourselves with an hour or two of sleep; but suddenly a loud and universal exclamation was heard from the shore, and soon after an account was brought to the Admiral that the fort had been taken by storm. This was a joyful piece of news, and the more so as it was quite unexpected; but when the particular circumstances that ushered in this success were related, our exultation was greatly abated, because we found that the rules so indispensably necessary in all military exploits had been entirely disregarded in the present instance, and therefore could not help looking upon the person who had the principal hand in this victory rather as an object of chastisement than of applause. The case was this:

During the tranquil state of the camp, one Strahan, a common sailor belonging to the Kent, having just been served with a quantity of grog (arrack mixed with water), had his spirits too much elated to think of taking any rest; he therefore strayed by himself towards the fort, and imperceptibly got under the walls. Being advanced thus far without interruption, he took it into his head to scale at a breach that had been made by the cannon of the ships; and having luckily gotten upon the bastion, he there discovered several Moor-men sitting upon the platform, at whom he flourished his cutlass and fired his pistol, and then, having given three loud huzzas, cried out:—"*The place is mine!*" The Moorish soldiers immediately attacked him, and he defended himself with incredible resolution, but in the encounter had the misfortune to have the blade of his cutlass cut in two about a foot from the hilt. This mischance, however, did not happen till he was near being supported by two or three other sailors, who had accidentally straggled to the same part of the fort on which the other had mounted. They, hearing Strahan's cries, immediately scaled the breach likewise, and echoing the triumphant sound, roused the whole army, who, taking the alarm, fell on pell mell, without order and without discipline, following the example of the sailors. This attack, although made in such confusion, was followed with no ill consequence but the death of the worthy Captain Dougal Campbell, who was unfortunately killed by a musket ball from one of our own pieces in the general confusion.—Captain Coote commanded the fort for that night, and at daylight the fort saluted the Admiral. It was never exactly known what number of Moors there were in the fort when our people first entered. We took in the fort eighteen cannons, from twenty-four pounders downwards, and forty barrels of powder.

Strahan, the hero of this adventurous action, was soon before the Admiral, who, notwithstanding the success that had attended it, thought it necessary to show himself displeased with a measure in which the want of all military discipline so notoriously appeared. He therefore angrily inquired into the desperate step which he had taken.

"Mr. Strahan, what is this you have been doing?"

The fellow, after having made his bow, scratched his head, and with one hand twirling his hat upon the other, replied:

"Why, to be sure, sir, it was I who took the fort, but I hope there was no harm in it."

The Admiral, with difficulty, was prevented from smiling at the simplicity of Strahan's answer, and the whole company were exceedingly diverted with his awkward appearance and his language and manner in recounting the several particulars of his mad exploit.—Mr. Watson expatiated largely on the fatal consequences that might have attended his irregular conduct, and then, with a severe rebuke, dismissed him—but not before he had given the fellow some distant hints that at a proper opportunity he would be certainly punished for his temerity. Strahan, amazed to find himself blamed where he expected praise, had no sooner gone from the Admiral's cabin, than he muttered these words:—"*If I am flogged for this 'ere action, I will never take another fort by myself as long as I live, by G—d!*"

The novelty of the case, the success of the enterprise, and the courageous spirit which he had displayed, pleaded strongly with the Admiral in behalf of the offender; and yet, at the same time, the discipline of the service required that he should show him outwardly some marks of his displeasure. This the Admiral did for some little time, but afterwards, at the intercession of some officers, which intercession the Admiral himself prompted them to make, he most readily pardoned him. And it is not improbable, that had Strahan been properly qualified for the office of boatswain, he might, on some other pretence, before the expedition had ended, have been promoted to that station in one of his majesty's ships. But unfortunately for this brave fellow, the whole tenor of his conduct, both before and after the storming of the fort, was so very irregular as to render it impossible for the Admiral to advance him from his old station to any higher rank, how strongly soever his inclinations led him to do it.

HUSBANDS, LOVE YOUR WIVES.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed and appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished, in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other is mechanism.

The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but, the latter has a spring about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness at her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and her family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have, for her, a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, nor painless, but still a paradise; for "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

CIVILITY.

Civility is a fortune in itself; for a courteous man generally succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasure to be denied a favor by his grace than to receive a favor by most men.

The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom.

The history of every country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we may recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to strangers his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in behalf of, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him.

To man civility is in fact what beauty is to woman—it is a general passport to favor, a letter of recommendation, written in language that every stranger understands.

The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausible manners. Of two women equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for fortune by means of it.

Children! cultivate civility, politeness, and agreeable manners. They are cheap, and will be advantageous to you through life.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN AND HIS FEES.—The largest sum Sir Astley Cooper ever received in one year was £21,000, but for a series of years his income was more than £15,000 per annum. As long as he lived in the city his gains were enormous, though they varied, the state of the money market having a curious effect on his fees. Most city patients paid their fee with a cheque, and seldom wrote for less than £5 5s. In Spring-gardens and Conduit-street his professional income was less, though the patients were most aristocratic. Mr. Coles, of Mincing-lane, for a long period paid him £600 a-year. A city man, who consulted him in Broad street, and departed without giving any fee, soon after sent a cheque for £63 10s., with the following note:—"Dear Sir—When I had first the pleasure of seeing you, you requested as a favor, that I would consider your visit as that of a friend. I now, sir, must return the compliment by your accepting the enclosed draft as an act of friendship." A West-Indian millionaire gave Cooper his largest fee. He had undergone successfully a painful operation, and paid his physicians, Lettsom and Nelson, with 300 guineas each. "But you, sir," cried the grateful old man, sitting up in bed, and addressing Cooper, "shall have something better. There, sir, take that!" It was his nightcap, which he flung at the surprised surgeon, "Sir," answered Cooper, "I'll pocket the affront," and on reaching home he found in the cap a draft for 1,000 guineas.

REGRETS.

I.

I met the maiden that I loved
One even on the lea;
And, save a peeping star or two,
All by ourselves were we;
While round about the merry moths
Were dancing in the air,
Yet softlier on my shoulder fell
The flutter of her hair:
And so we walked an hour or more—
How swift the minutes sped!—
And then we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said?

II.

I met the maiden that I loved
One sweet May-morn again,
And, save the happy Sabbath bells,
No whisper stirred the lane:
Yet when I looked her in the face,
So fast the blushes flew,
No bramble-blossom in the brake
Had ever such a hue.
And so we walked toward the church—
How swift the minutes sped!
And then we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said?

III.

I met the maiden that I loved
Once more, in after years,
And as I passed her in the street
She scarce could speak for tears;
For by her side a stranger walked,
And she might be his bride—
But oh! she looked not as of yore,
While yet the village pride!—
Then most I thought of one still eve,
Of one sweet morn—now sped,
And how we parted—well-a-day,
What might I not have said?

THE FAIR CORRESPONDENT

Mr. Henry Masters, the editor of the "—— Magazine," had many fair correspondents and contributors, for woman's pen in this age is as active and as valuable an implement as her needle was in the days of our grandmothers. Some of the most popular tales and best written articles in the "Weekly Review" are from the fairer portion of the community; but there was one lady who had addressed him many times, and had forwarded several small contributions, such as enigmas, charades, rebuses, anecdotes and recipes, which he inserted because they filled up vacant nooks, and, though not of much importance, were so neatly written out on rose-paper, so brightly glazed, and so fragrant of *marechale* and sandal-wood, and had besides an unmistakeable air of ladyism and purity; but it was some months before Henry Masters found time or inclination to reply to his fair contributor's notes or to insert her longer articles. When he did so, it was with some reluctance, as they required a great deal of revising; sparkles had to be put in, and prosy *longueurs* taken out, and there was "Lady's Magazine" for 1700 style about them—a something old-fashioned without being *antique*—that Henry thought little in keeping with these go-a-head days; still there was a purity of feeling, a womanly charity of sentiment, and an almost Quixotic nobility of spirit that pleased him; and a candid letter from the fair contributor decided him on taking any amount of pains himself to improve her work, rather than disappoint her altogether. The letter ran thus:—

"Dear Mr. Editor,—Don't think me very troublesome, but your kind insertion of my charades, recipes and anecdotes, &c., &c., and above all of my 'Sonnet to Friendship,' emboldens me to send you a tale, called 'Belinda, or the Broken Heart.' When you consider the age of the writer, it my find favor in eyes so indulgent as yours. I am the daughter of a baronet; but like many other ladies, whose parents are wealthy and highly-born, I have seldom money enough for those countless small charities, which, in a remote village like this, are of more real importance than the public ones to which a Sir Hildebrand de Courcy must subscribe largely. We maidens of the upper classes are a very poor and stinted race; and I own, if I could make a little income by my pen, it would be an incalculable comfort, not merely to myself, but to many others. Any hints you like to give me, and any alterations you choose to propose, will be gratefully accepted; and if you could suggest the subjects, plot and characters of a story to be written expressly for your periodical, I should set to work with such delight and confidence! I have taken the liberty of ordering the gamekeeper to send you a haunch of venison and a basket of grouse: the antlered monarch who furnishes the haunch, was a denizen of this park and of the wild scenery in which I have been reared, and which has nursed in me that poetic talent which you have condescended to patronize. Hoping for a prompt reply, and with a thousand thanks for your kindness and your handsome remuneration of my small services, I remain, dear Mr. Editor, your faithful servant, Laurustina Lavinia de Courcy."

It was a splendid haunch! the basket of grouse, packed in purple heather, redolent of honey; the letter, so simple, so candid, so confiding, so lady-like! Certainly it is a great bore to an editor to be asked to suggest plot, character and subject—but then, for this sweet girl, Laurustina Lavinia de Courcy, her age must excuse all faults in her writings.

Henry took down the Baronetage. He soon found Sir Hildebrand de Courcy.

"What a noble heritage! what a fine estate! and now has 'issue one daughter, Laurustina Lavinia, born June 1st, 1843'—not nineteen! Well may she plead her age! Of course, however short she may be of pocket-money, young as she is, she is mistress at Castle de Courcy; and had but to speak the word for the noble haunch and the basket of grouse to be forwarded."

Our editor wrote a charming note, and infringed on his own slender means to add a considerable amount to the regular value per column of "Belinda, or the Broken Heart." It was a poor, confused piece of rather old-fashioned Rosa Matildaism when it arrived per post at the office; it was a very touching, pretty story when it appeared in the magazine. Henry began to think a great deal of his fair correspondent. He quite forgot, when he read over "Belinda, or the Broken Heart," how much of its merit was his own.

The fair correspondent was in ecstacies. More game, clotted cream, honeycomb, and exquisitely-candied and preserved fruits, done by herself, and two bottles of white-currant wine of her own making, and which Henry inwardly resolved never to uncork; all these dainties came flowing in, and also a meek suggestion that Henry should create a Ladies' Department in his magazine, for fancy work, receipts, &c., &c., and let her supply the weekly article. To show her skill, she sent him a purse that seemed knitted by fairies, a pair of slippers neatly worked, but very tight, a knitted comforter, and an anti-macassar.

Henry adopted her suggestions, and Laurustina Lavinia became one of his staff at so much per week.

How much, you ask with your eyes, ladies?

No matter, more than he could afford, poor fellow!

But Henry had accidentally met with a young officer, whom he had known at school, and who, talking of a county ball he had attended at B——, near Castle de Courcy, mentioned boastingly that he had danced with the belle of the county at her first ball.

Henry's heart beat eagerly: he asked her name—Miss de Courcy, Sir Hildebrand's only daughter and sole heiress—a sweet wild flower, full of wit and mirth, and who had never seen London, but was to be introduced next spring.

Countless were Henry's questions, and every answer increased his interest in his fair correspondent.

"There's something a little reserved and old-fashioned about this charming girl," said the young officer; "but the fact is, she scarcely ever goes beyond the park, and has led the life of a nun. "All that'll soon wear off."

Henry in his heart hoped not.

When he got home he kissed the slippers her hands had worked, he hugged up the comforter (a true comforter, that!). He ate some of her preserves, they seemed ambrosia. He drank off a glass of her dreaded currant wine, it was nectar. He dreamt all night of a Venus asleep in a bower of Laurustinas. If at first he had thought his fair contributor a little too old-fashioned in her style (even her writing belonged to the time of Mrs. Chapone), he, now that he had heard of her rare beauty and many fascinations, delighted in that peculiarity. It seemed to him there was something quaint and and piquant in this dash of the antique, and he loved to think that, with the habits of our foremothers, Laurustina Lavinia had inherited their virtues.

"Oh," he cried out, though quite alone,

> "'Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
> Is beauty, curtained from the sight
> Of the gross world, illumining
> One only mansion with its light!'"

He went to the office in a sort of trance; a pink glazed packet, directed in a hand that recalled the crow-quill of Clarissa Harlowe, met his eye.

Inside was a small case, the letter explained its presence.

"I have thought," said the writer, "as you give illustrations, you might like to have one for the poem I enclose, 'Psyche writing to Cupid.'"

It was an exquisite painting, and would engrave well.

"My poor face was the model for Psyche—I was only fourteen then. How long ago it seems! Take care of it, and if you don't think it suitable, return it at once."

Return it at once, impossible! that sweet young arch and loving face of a girl, almost a child, writing "I love you," with a thorn on a rose-leaf, golden hair, dark blue eyes, long, shadowy lashes, dimples, and at the back a rich tress of bright, golden hair on blue enamel, tied with silver twist and seed-pearl.

Henry was now over head and ears in love.

He could scarcely part with "Psyche writing to Cupid" to get the little "Flower of Loveliness and Gem of Beauty" engraved.

Things went on thus for some time, until one day Laurustina announced that she was coming to town, and going to the drawing-room, and added, that the day after, if the editor would receive her, she would do herself the honor of calling, to consult about a new continuous tale and another department, which she thought would be advantageous to the periodical for Henry to create and for herself to supply.

Henry was delighted to adopt the suggestion.

Beauty has great weight with the British public. "Psyche writing to Cupid," admirably engraved, had doubled the sale of Henry's magazine. He was enchanted to adopt the suggestions of one who had already done so much good. But the office, how shabby it looked! At his own expense he put down a new carpet, and put up a handsome pier-glass, had in a graceful couch, and all on tic; but he actually spent ten shillings on flowers, and half that sum on fruit, in Covent-garden-market.

His temple ready, the high priest had to be arrayed. The bath, the hair-dresser, the perfumer, all must lend their aid. A coat had no poetry in it—boots were plodding things. Henry procured a Turkish wrapper of crimson velvet, with a huge gold cord and tassels—an Apollo cap—and resolved that his well-made foot should be shod in the slippers Laurustina had worked, though they did pinch him a little. But the day before that on which he was to meet Laurustina, namely, the drawing-room day, Henry, while repairing to a pastry-cooks for a hasty, frugal lunch (in a fashionable thoroughfare, thronged with carriages full of ladies in plumes and jewels going to the drawing-room), was struck with the great beauty of one blooming young face and form, and gazing at the arms on her carriage, he recognized the, to him, well-known shield azure and three griffins passant of the De Courcys.

The Southern Prisoners Captured by Major-General M'Clellan's Column in Western Virginia, Under Guard at Beverley, Randolph Co., Va.

We believe the greater portion of these prisoners were released on taking the oath of allegiance—about a thousand prisoners being taken in all. Beverley is the capital of Randolph county, and is pleasantly situated in a valley among the Alleghany mountains.

A fine elderly man, and a little wizzen old lady, were also in the carriage. The old lady had her wig dressed, and crowned with feathers, and studded with jewels, as is *de rigueur* at all ages when going to the drawing-room, and her poor, thin neck, and bent shoulders were bared and adorned with diamonds. But all this Henry scarcely noticed, so ravished was he with the artless beauty of Laurustina Lavinia; for he felt it was, it must be, Laurustina Lavinia—and he felt, too, that the passionate admiration of his gaze had struck her, and that as their eyes met during the slow progress of the carriage, a bright, celestial blush suffused her innocent face, and the soul of sympathy beamed from her clear blue eyes!

All regrets and even a shade of remorse about the expense he had incurred, the Utrecht velvet wrapper, with the thick gold cord—the carpet, the couch, the fruit, the flowers, all vanished. He rejoiced in his lavish expenditure. Of all spendthrifts, there is none like Love!

He watched the carriage as long as he could see the tips of the footmen's sticks; and then, unable to eat, he called for a bottle of lemonade, and hurried back to his office. Three o'clock the next day was appointed by the fair contributor herself; and a pink note, with a basket of poultry, fruit, flowers, and other summer produce, came to remind the editor of that appointment. It seemed an age to the hour named; and yet, when the carriage stopped at the door, Henry was not ready, at least he thought so. He glanced from his window—yes, it *was* the same carriage he had seen going to the drawing-room the morning before. He rushed into a little dressing-room, and trembled like a girl!

He heard a rustle of silks—an odor of *marechale* stole into his retreat. Courage! "faint heart never won fair lady." He entered.

Good heavens! there sat the little wizzen, crook-backed old lady, smiling pleasantly, holding out her hand, and saying—

"I must introduce myself, Mr. Editor; but after corresponding with you so long I feel as if we were old friends; and, indeed, if I can ever oblige you in any way, you may fully depend on Laurustina Lavinia de Courcy! I'm only in town for a few days—only come up with my poor motherless niece and namesake, to go with her to the drawing-room! The second time in my life that I've visited London. Never was here before or since the day when I came up to be presented to Queen Charlotte of blessed memory! But when you consider my age, you won't wonder if I say the noise and the bustle are too much for me; and I shall be glad to get back to Castle de Courcy, and my literary labors."

Voluble was the old lady, and very squeaky her voice. On her large old head was a very smart tiny French bonnet, evidently bran new. Henry was a phrenologist, and he said at a glance that benevolence and acquisitiveness were both large; and he understood her eagerness to turn her little old-fashioned talents to account, in order to enable her to give more largely to the poor!

So, then, his "fair contributor" was the daughter of a former Sir Hildebrand de Courcy, and must be aunt to the lovely girl he had gazed at with such rapture. Henry could have cried. He could almost have hung himself with the thick gold cord of his Sultan wrapper. But Henry was a gentleman, and his spirit rose to meet the occasion—the little crumpled old thing was so very kind, too; and in her face were traces of the beauty that fifty years before had served as a model for "Psyche writing to Cupid."

Henry, in that sort of hilarity which is born of Despair, did the honors of his office. Cake and wine, and fruit and flowers, were offered and accepted, the new department suggested and agreed to—a new tale planned, and then she took her leave, with many smiles and nods, curtseys and compliments, Henry keeping up his forced spirits to the last, handing her to the carriage, answering, with a bow and smile, the nod she gave him, with her large head in its little bonnet, out of the carriage window; and bitter disappointment, self derision, self-contempt, and then remorse for his lavish expenditure, swelling his heart and burning his cheek, he returned to his room, stamped on his new carpet, tore off the velvet wrapper, the Apollo cap, and light slippers; tossed the gold cord into a closet, and set hard to work, in order, by the labor of the brain, to forget the despair of his heart.

Months passed on, the tale progressed, the new department flourished, the little old aunt received many a P. O., and wrote every week to Henry the kindest, most friendly letters, and sent him presents of whatever was in season; but though he always took them home, never gave a hint that they were not sent anonymously—or said a word that could give an inkling of the romance which reality had brought to so abrupt a close.

It is now about two months since business brought the whole De Courcy party to town again, and the "fair contributor" paid a second visit to her young editor. On this occasion her coming was not the signal for any preparations. Henry was in his old coat and thick shoes; the carpet remained, but the glass was gone—so was the couch. He had got the upholsterer to take them back, but not without a handsome consideration. But the old lady was all kindness, and Henry was invited by her to Mivart's, to be introduced to Sir Hildebrand and his daughter that very day at seven precisely.

The little old aunt had great power and authority with Sir Hildebrand; and at Castle de Courcy she was, perhaps, the one-eyed monarch among the blind, for she was looked up to as a great genius, particularly since she had appeared in print.

Sir Hildebrand, "a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time," received Henry mostly kindly; the lovely *debutante*, perhaps recognizing her admirer of that important day when she was presented, blushed deeply. The little old aunt was in high spirits. Sir Hildebrand, after dinner, talked politics with Henry; they quite agreed on the leading questions of the day. Sir Hildebrand was an M. P., but at the approaching election expected to lose his seat; at any rate to have a struggle for it. Henry put all his power at Sir Hildebrand's service, and the "pen is mightier than the sword."

Sir Hildebrand invited him to Castle de Courcy, and insisted on his fixing a day. Henry fixed that of the poll. Laurustina Lavinia, the aunt, sang in a shrill treble, "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" and Laurustina Lavinia, the niece, warbled "Willie we have missed you," and "Lucy Neal," in a voice that, "music to the ear," became a memory to the soul.

Henry tried his hand at a pamphlet in Sir Hildebrand's cause, and at the expense of the baronet. It was written *con amore*, was well advertised, and had a brilliant success. Yes, he wrote up Sir Hildebrand and his cause, and went down to Castle de Courcy.

The baronet's re-election was fiercely contested—the mob ferocious. Henry, perceiving a miscreant taking aim at Sir Hildebrand's breast with a pistol, threw himself before Sir Hildebrand as a shield, and received a bullet in his shoulder. For a long time he lay very dangerously ill at the Castle de Courcy, and was nursed and tended by both the Laurustina Lavinias.

With regard to the fair daughter of the house—

> "She grew sick as he grew well;"

for his brave sacrifice of himself to her father had wrought the fancy she had taken to him into a romantic passion. The kind old aunt was her *confidante*, and warm in his cause. Sir Hildebrand could refuse nothing to one who had saved his life at the risk of his own; and ere long the day was fixed for the union of Henry Masters and Laurustina Lavinia de Courcy, of Castle de Courcy, sole heiress of that wealthy and ancient house.

KEEP THE MOUTH CLOSED.

The author sincerely believes that by keeping the teeth and mouth shut, a person can sleep in any malarious region, and mingle in any out-door infection almost with impunity. This is a discovery of such importance that its magnitude can at present scarcely be apprehended. Had it been practiced earlier, it would probably have saved innumerable lives. The writer of this, although of a weak and delicate constitution, some years since went from the North to some of the most sickly portions of the South and West. He slept on the banks of rivers and on the borders of swamps by the sea and among the mountains—and while many of the old acclimated settlers were dying around him (especially in Norfolk, during the yellow fever,) he enjoyed his usual health; a fact which he attributes to temperance, and keeping the mouth closed.

This is the experience of several noted travellers, Catlin, *Lewis*, and Livingstone. The Indians also understood this well. Taught by their mothers in infancy, no one has ever yet beheld an Indian sleeping with his mouth open, as is common in civilized life.

Even the animals—Nature's own followers—always keep the mouth closed. Observe any of them, and see if you can discover one with its mouth wide open in sleep.

The principle seems to be, that air, by passing through the delicate inner glands of the nose, becomes purified—as it were, strained of its noxious properties and animalculæ—and supplies the lungs with the healthy food, while, with the mouth wide open, all these impurities go directly to the lungs and work out their deadly ends. The remedy is simple—costs nothing. Would it not be worth while to try it?—*Dr. J. W. Scott.*

A SHOCKING DEATH, THOSE HOOPS.

The wife of Dr. Brodhurst, a London physician, has met death in much the same manner as the wife of Professor Longfellow. The Doctor left her writing a note in the drawing-room, but was recalled by loud cries of "I'm on fire!" He rushed down and found his wife in the middle of the drawing-room, enveloped in flames. Her clothes were entirely consumed, and the furniture near her was on fire. She had on a white muslin dress.

She did not seem to have lost her presence of mind, for she requested the rug to be rolled around her, and the bell to be rung for the servants, which he did, and extinguished the flames about the upper part of her person. As the bell was rung, three servants immediately rushed in, and he believed the reason of their being so near the door was because his wife had rung the bell before for prayers. Unfortunately she had on one of those crinolines made of steel hoops. Every means was tried to extinguish the fire about and under the hoops with the sofa cushions and other things at hand.

He also knelt on and tried to compress and break them, for the purpose of putting the fire out, all without avail, and they had to be cut off before it could be extinguished. She had been writing, with a candle by her side, which had burnt down to the socket, and he believed that she had tried to reach an envelope from the case when the light caught her muslin sleeve.

A Good Game.—There is a game called Russian Scandal, which is played in this fashion:—A. tells B. a brief narrative, which B. is to repeat to C., and C. to D., and so on. No one is to hear it told more than once, and each is to aim at scrupulous accuracy in the repetition. By the time the narrative has been transmitted from mouth to mouth six or seven times, it has commonly undergone a complete transformation. The ordinary result of the experiment will afford an apt illustration of the value of oral testimony in times when the marvellous had an especial attraction for all classes.

☞ Pride is the first weed to grow in the human heart, and the last to be eradicated.

THE FIRST BLEEDING IN RUSSIA.

The Czar Alexis, father of Peter the Great, was one morning in a state of great irritation. He alternately walked about and sat down, contradicted and scolded his courtiers around him, who stood trembling before his blood-shot eyes and the unnatural hue of his countenance. All of a sudden his sight became darkened, his head fell heavily upon his shoulder, his legs tottered, and he fell into a swoon upon the floor. He was laid on the sofa, and his physician at once sent for, who, finding his pulse at a perfect stand, and all the symptoms of the face indicating an approaching attack of apoplexy, ordered the Czar's arm to be uncovered, in order to bleed him. But hardly had the doctor taken in hand the lancet, when Alexis, somewhat recovering from his swoon, opened his eyes, and asked the doctor in an angry tone what he was about.

"I was about to bleed your majesty," replied the other softly.

"To bleed me? I don't understand you."

"This instrument," said the doctor, pointing to the lancet, "would make such a slight incision in the flesh of your arm, as to cause much less pain than even the scratch of a pin; but it will cause a few drops of the thick blood to flow off, and facilitate thereby the circulation of the whole system."

"How?" shrieked Alexis. "You mean to wound me, and spill my blood intentionally! How dare you?"

"It's true, sire, the cure of bleeding is not yet known in your vast empire: but it has been introduced into Poland, Germany, and France with unfailing success; but I would certainly not have dared to attempt it on your majesty's person if I had not found you in imminent danger of your life."

"Nonsense! I will not allow my body to be wounded or my blood to be spilt," said the Czar doggedly.

"But consider, Czar Alexis," remonstrated the doctor, earnestly: "in taking from you a few drops of blood, I am sure to save your life; but if you refuse, I cannot answer for the consequences, and what now appears only a slight indisposition, may turn to a most serious illness, which will baffle all my skill and all the medicine in the world."

Struck by these ominous words, Alexis asked whether there were no other means of saving his life.

"None that I know of," replied the doctor seriously.

"Does bleeding hurt a person in good health?" asked Alexis.

"Certainly not; it can neither harm nor do good to persons who are in no need of it."

"Then," said Alexis, "bleed yourself first, doctor."

"With pleasure; but my arm will then be so weak for a couple of days, that I shall not be able to perform the operation on you during that interval."

The Czar then told all his courtiers to stand round in a circle, and ordered the doctor to bleed them all in turn. These were Ilia Milaslowsky, (late father-in-law of the Czar,) the Princes Narishkin and Dolgorucki, Count Tolstoy, General Lubanoff, Shermetoff, Godanoff, and many more of high rank and birth. Each and all were obliged, in blind obedience to the Czar's will, to submit to the ordeal; however, when the turn came to Streshneff, who was bent with age and enfeebled by long service, and was, besides, related to the reigning dynasty by the mother of Alexis, the doctor made a full pause, and looked hesitatingly at the Czar, as much as to say, here is danger in the operation. Encouraged by the pause, Streshneff bent his knee before Alexis, and said—

"May your majesty please to pardon the liberty I am taking to beseech you, in all humility, to spare me the few drops of blood which the Almighty has still left in my veins at my advanced age. What may prove useful or harmless to the young, may prove dangerous to the old."

The doctor nodded assent to the assertion. The Czar, however, felt himself so insulted, that, clenching his fist and inflicting a blow at the breast of the old man, he shrieked, in a most violent voice—

"How dare you, old dog, to disobey your sovereign? If you do not at once unbare your arm, I shall have you shot like an old beast."

We need not say that Streshneff underwent the operation, which done, the doctor told Alexis that it was now his turn to be bled.

"Very well," said the Czar, gloomily; and unbaring his arm, turned away his head, and bid the doctor make haste.

Strange to say, Alexis, who could with the utmost indifference look on at the blood he caused to be shed of thousands of his subjects, was coward enough to be frightened at the sight of a few drops of blood from his own body!

HOW TO GET ALONG.

We have some suggestions to offer, which will enable our readers to get through life in the most easy and comfortable manner. If a bee has the audacity and folly to sheathe his sting in your cuticle, justice demands that you should instantly upset the hive wherein the offender has his head-quarters, and exterminate every bee therein. If a dog bites you in the calf of the leg, stern justice demands that you should bite the dog in the calf of *his* leg. On the same principle, if an irate donkey rudely elevates his posterior extremities against your sacred person, the true way is to kick back. If a horse falls upon you, the sublime principles of the *lex taglionis* requires that you should fall upon the horse. If Joggs calls you a liar, the treatment is to call him a liar, and a thief into the bargain. If you are a farmer, and a neighbor's cow happens to get into your young corn, your instant mode of obtaining satisfaction is to turn all your cows, hogs, &c., into his corn. By following out these sublime ideas of justice and self-respect, your daily life will be full of sweet peace, and you will eventually become as docile and playful as a kitten.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Attack on Col. Tyler's Ohio Regiment at Cross Lanes.

Cincinnati, August 28.—The following are all the particulars we can learn of the battle which took place at Cross Lanes, near Summerville, Virginia, on Monday, the 26th ult.

The Seventh Ohio Regiment, commanded by Colonel Tyler, was surrounded while at breakfast, and attacked on both flanks and in front simultaneously.

Col. Tyler sent a messenger forward to the baggage train which was coming up, and turned it back when three miles distant from the scene of conflict, towards Gauley, which place it reached in safety.

Companies B, C, and I, suffered most severely. They, particularly, were in the hottest of the fight, and finally fought their way through against fearful odds, making dreadful havoc in the enemy's ranks.

The rebel force consisted of three thousand infantry, four hundred cavalry, and ten guns.

The Federal forces were scattered after cutting their way through, but they soon formed again and fired, but received no reply. The enemy did not pursue.

The rebel loss was very great.

Lieutenant-Colonel Creighton captured the enemy's colors and two prisoners.

Gauley Bridge, August 29.—Authentic reports show that fifteen of our soldiers were killed, and about forty wounded at the recent battle at Summerville.

From Washington.—According to advices received at Washington, by the Government from Gen. Rosecrans, the report of the assault on Tyler is substantially correct. Gen. Rosecrans entertained no doubt that Tyler has secured his retreat without further loss. His loss in the engagement was not half that of the enemy, whom he left in no condition to pursue or annoy him further.

Clarksburg, Va., Aug. 30, 1861.—The battle of Cross Lines was a mere skirmish. Col. Tyler was posted north-west of Summerville with his regiment in two divisions. The rebels got between them, flanking Col. Tyler, who retired with a loss of only fifteen men. Major Casement, with the other subdivision, nubering 400, arrived at Charleston yesterday.

In the skirmish below Elkwater, on the Hunterville road, yesterday, five rebels and one Federal soldier were killed. The rebels retreated.

Later—Skirmish and Defeat of Rebels at Wayne Courthouse.—We learn from the officers of the steamer Fannie McBurnie, which arrived on last evening from the Big Sandy, that a fight took place between six companies of Virginia volunteers under General Zeigle, and an equal number of rebels, who were encamped near Wayne Courthouse, on Monday afternoon, in which the rebels were completely dispersed, with a loss of four or five killed and fifteen taken prisoners. Gen. Zeigle was still pursuing the rebels.—*Cincinnati Gazette, 29th ult.*

Col. Tyler's Command.—Col. Tyler, before the late battle, was well entrenched at Cross Lanes, 24 miles north-east of Gauley Bridge, upon a hill which commanded the turnpike leading to Gauley, Summerville, a few miles distant, and Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county. His position was such that, although constantly threatened, it was said he could hold it against several times his number. Upon the other side of Summerville, and near it, was the 23d Ohio, Col. Scammon; and still further north, at Sutton, the 13th Ohio, Col. Smith; these three regiments forming the southern division of the line between Gauley Bridge and Clarksburg.

Of all these, however, the position at Cross Lanes was the strongest and most important. The hill was peculiarly favorable to the service of artillery, of which Tyler had several pieces; and earthworks for his infantry rendered the place more easy to defend. Late accounts by mail from Cross Lanes stated the constant danger of attack, and announced that an army of 7,000 men was then on the way from Huttonsville, commanded, it was supposed, by Gen. Lee himself. Gov. Wise's force was also uncomfortably near, and had captured some of our men, including Capt. Sprague. It is not improbable, therefore, that this overwhelming force may have considered the stronghold at Cross Lanes worth the several hundred lives which they must have lost in taking it.

Seven Bachelors After the Same Girl.—Girls must be rather scarce in La Crosse, Wisconsin. One evening recently a party was held in that town. Among those who attended were seven bachelors. They proposed that each one go and bring in a young lady. They agreed, and one by one, so as not to be missed, they departed. The first one trotted along in the cold to the house wherein lived Miss R. He knocked and went in. In about two minutes a knock was heard at the door, and in answer, Mr. G. was shown into the parlor. The two gents look blank, and were immediately startled by a third knock, and the entrance of Mr. C. All looked surprised—said they had just called—when another knock was followed by the presence of Mr. L. He had just got seated, when around the other corner, and up to the front door, came another bachelor! He, too, was admitted—shown into the parlor, only to be followed by the two remaining hunters for partners. A hearty laugh followed the "explanation." The Miss was so embarrassed, however, that she declined to attend, and one by one the gallant, but single-minded seven, wended their way back to the party; but somehow or other but one of them returned. Six went home to bed, and the seventh told the affair!

Correspondence with the Enemy Punishable with Death.—The War Department has just issued the following order:

By the 57th article of the act of Congress, entitled an act for establishing rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States, approved April 10th, 1806, holding correspondence with, or giving intelligence to the enemy, either directly or indirectly, is made punishable by death, or such other punishment as shall be ordered by the sentence of a court-martial.

Public safety requires the strict enforcement of this article. It is therefore ordered that all correspondence and communications, verbally or by writing, printing or telegraphing, respecting the operations of the army, or military movements on land or water, or respecting the troops, camps, arsenals, entrenchments, or military affairs within the several military districts, by which intelligence shall be directly or indirectly given to the enemy, without the authority and sanction of the general in command, be, and the same are absolutely prohibited, and from and after the date of this order persons violating the same will be proceeded against under the fifty-seventh article of war.

Massachusetts Troops.—The Boston Transcript says:—"There is a very fair prospect that two months will not have elapsed before the Bay State will have twenty-two thousand men in the Union army.—The same ratio throughout the North would give a grand aggregate of nearly four hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, nobly battling for the Union.

FRUITS OF THE BATTLE.

The precise result of the battle at Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., is a thing that the confederates were evidently not prepared for. They had planned a battle at Springfield, but a part of the plan was that they should make the attack. They calculated to surround the Federal army at Springfield, attack and rout it, kill half of it, and capture the remainder, get possession of a large and valuable baggage train, and secure a sufficient number of efficient muskets and rifles to arm the ten thousand recruits who were to flock to their standard after the fight. Then, with a force increased to 35,000 men, and the way opened to St. Louis, McCullough was to advance rapidly from the southwest, and, joined by Hardee's column, capture this city, while Pillow made a splutter at Bird's Point.

But the plan was marred by one grave oversight. It did not provide for an attack from the Federal army at Springfield. It arranged only for an attack on it; and when, therefore, General Lyon, instead of waiting to be surrounded, marched out, assaulted the invaders in their own camp, and left them so crippled that they could not pursue the retiring Federal army, he dealt a blow that deranged the entire programme.

Let not the fruits of the drawn battle at Wilson's Creek be underrated. They are most important and valuable. Not that that bloody and costly battle secured a positive advantage to the Federal cause, because it cost the Federal army their commander and a thousand killed and wounded; but that it averted from the clutch of the confederates advantages that were almost within their grasp, and which, once possessed, would have been almost irreparably disastrous to the Union cause in the West.

That cruel battle cost the Federal army one of its ablest officers, two hundred and thirty two soldiers killed, and eight hundred and eighteen wounded; but we believe it saved St. Louis and Missouri; for had Gen. Lyon's little army been annihilated, as it seemed doomed to be—had the attack planned by McCullough for the night of Friday, the 9th, and averted only by a severe storm and the thick darkness, been made, and the little Federal band been routed, in twenty-four hours thereafter there would have been an army of 40,000 invaders marching on St. Louis, with a fury that the alarmed and dispirited Union forces would probably have been unable to resist.

But the attack of Lyon surprised and stunned the enemy, and he has not even yet recovered from his amazement. Pillow is quiet at New Madrid or Sikeston, and Hardee is quiet at Greenville; because the great victory to be gained by their confederate at Springfield, on the event of which they were to advance, did not occur. Not only, therefore, is the march of McCullough materially retarded, but the combined and preconcerted advance of Hardee upon Ironton, and Pillow upon Bird's Point, absolutely checked, and they are, perhaps, at this moment meditating a retreat to Arkansas and Tennessee, instead of marching towards St. Louis.

These are the fruits that Lyon's death secured—or rather, these are the disasters it averted. Let it not be said his life was thrown away. The battle of Wilson's Creek was the turning point of the war in Missouri. From it we may date the decline of Jackson's revolt and the wane of the invasion. The invaders will not again have such a chance as they had there of securing a great triumph, because they will not again have the advantage of such odds in their favor. Henceforth they will be met at every point with forces equal to their own, and, unable to advance, they will be compelled to retire to their own soil, to await an attack upon their own strongholds.—*St. Louis News.*

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Holt, of Kentucky, at Boston.—Mr. Holt, in the course of his answer to the address of welcome by Mr. Everett, said:

"One of the most fearful obstacles which has been encountered in the successful prosecution of this war, is the disloyalty found in our midst. This is especially true in reference to Washington City and the border States; but it is in a degree true everywhere, and to this is traceable much of that discouragement under which the nation is now suffering. The country is now rejoicing in those bold and decided measures which the President is taking to subdue this fatal source of weakness and defeat. (Cheers.) *It is in vain that the stalwart arms and hearts of this great nation toil at the pumps, so long as men are kept on board with augers in their pockets, who at every stolen opportunity are boring holes in the bottom of the noble ship on which we are all embarked.*

"Fellow-citizens, the thought of dismembering this Union, which has been the source of all our strength and all our joys as a nation, can be entertained by no true man. Dismemberment would involve the abatement of all of which we, as Americans, have so long and justly been proud, and the complete ruin of that grand inheritance which we have received from our fathers, and which it is our duty to transmit undiminished in its blessings to our descendants. It would conduct us from palaces of prosperity and power to hovels of wretchedness and to graves of dishonor.

"When the wise man of old, sitting in judgment upon the rival claims of two mothers to the possession of the same child, decreed that it should be cut in twain, and that one half should be given to one claimant and the other half to the other, it was the false mother who accepted and exulted in the judgment, while the true mother turned away with sorrow, preferring to commit the life of her offspring to the keeping even of her own enemy rather than that it should thus perish. The filial and the maternal instincts are in this regard the same. The man who is willing that this prosperous and free country shall be severed by the sword of treason now suspended over it, may have been born upon American soil, but he has no American heart in his bosom. The true son of the Republic, like the true mother, turns away from the proposal with indignation and abhorrence."

A Terrible Parson in Battle.—We have about come to the conclusion that the war correspondents for the Southern papers can beat those of the North. A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal says:—"Parson Rippetoe, a Methodist preacher, and Captain of a Virginia company, performed prodigies of valor at the first taking of Sherman's battery (for it was taken, then lost, then taken again.) He cut the throats of the horses, and then engaged Lieut. Sherman in a hand-to-hand conflict with sabres. After a ten minutes' fight—both being accomplished swordsmen—he severed Sherman's head from his body at one blow." We had a pleasant conversation with Gen. Sherman in our office on Monday last, and he did not appear to be aware that he had been beheaded. At any rate he did not allude to the somewhat interesting event. Possibly, however, his memory may have been affected by the operation, for we cannot suppose the Southern parson would exaggerate.—*Providence Journal.*

☞ A note to the Boston Post, says: "We were discussing the color of a gentleman's hair yesterday, at the dinner table, and finally came to the conclusion that it was tow color; suddenly a young gentleman present, seven years of age, gravely informed us that some *toes* are black!"

Gen. McClellan Visits a Regiment Incog.

Gen. McClellan is in the habit of riding around occasionally in citizen's dress, accompanied by a few of his staff. A few days ago he was walking through one of the encampments, across the Potomac, and passing the rear of the tents he saw a bucket of coffee standing near a fire. He asked what it was, and one of the soldiers said "coffee." "It looks more like slops," he replied. "Oh," said the soldier, "it is not fit to drink, but we have to put up with it, and our other food is not a bit better." "Well, whose fault is it?" he asked. "Oh, our Quartermaster is drunk most of the time, and when he is not he is studying how to cheat." McClellan passed on, and seeing more evidence of the dirty and slovenly manner in which the Quartermaster conducted his operations in his tent, he accosted him with the remark that the men were complaining of bad treatment from him. The Quartermaster flew into a passion, and swore it was none of his business, and he had better not come sneaking around and trying to make mischief. McClellan answered him, telling him he had better be cautious how he talked. Quartermaster replied, "Who are you, that you assume so much apparent authority?" "I am George B. McClellan, and you can pack up your traps and leave!" The Quartermaster was struck dumb, and McClellan turned and left him. That evening the Quartermaster left to the tune of the "Rogue's March," played by some of the boys who had got wind of it. They now have a Quartermaster who does not "get drunk and cheat," and that regiment would risk their lives at the cannon's mouth for the man who *does* care how the men are provided for.

The story has been circulated around some of the camps, and the officers are now always on the lookout for the General, and of course do not have too much lying around loose.

The moral effect of that action will be worth more to the men than the "inspection" of a dozen regular officers, who always let the men know when they are coming, and are then surrounded by a clique who suppress the truth, and keep off those who have a right to have their complaints heard.

Population of the Rebel States Overestimated.—Newspaper writers continually overestimate the free population of the rebel states. The two free states of New York and Illinois exceed in population the free population of the entire eleven confederate states. Here are the exact statistics from the census:

Slave States.	Free Pop.	Free States.	Free Pop.
Alabama,	529,164		
Arkansas,	324,323		
Florida,	78,686		
Georgia,	595,097		
Louisiana,	376,913	New York,	3,887,542
Mississippi,	354,699	Illinois,	1,711,753
N. Carolina,	661,586		
S. Carolina,	301,271		
Tennessee,	834,063		
Texas,	420,651		
Virginia,	1,105,196		
Total,	5,581,649	Total,	5,599,295

The above shows an excess of free population in the two free states named over that of the eleven confederate states of about 18,000 souls. These states have three and a half millions of slaves, which, in a long war, will not prove an element of strength, particularly if the terrible alternative be presented to our people, "Shall our liberties or slavery perish?"—*Cin. Gazette.*

Major Sturgis's Official Report.—Major Sturgis's official report of the battle of Wilson's creek, near Springfield, Mo., has been made to Gen. Fremont, but has not yet been published. The Chicago Tribune's St. Louis correspondent says of it:—

Our killed, wounded and missing is placed at 1,225. About 300 of these were taken prisoners, and are now set at liberty. Major Sturgis compliments the bravery of all our troops very highly, but no one regiment of volunteers higher than the others. He honorably mentions Lieut. Col. Merrit, who commanded; Major Porter and Capt. Herron, of the 1st Iowa; Col. Deitzier, Major Halderman, and Capt. Ghenowith, of the 1st Kansas; Col. Mitchell, Lieut. Col. Blair, and Major Cloud, of the 2d Kansas; Lieut. Col. Anderson, who commanded, and many other officers of the 1st Missouri. He also censures Gen. Sigel indirectly, and his men severely, for lack of discipline, and for giving so much attention to plundering the enemy's camp that they were surrounded.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"*

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nine!"

"The d—l you have!" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nine!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering, 'Nine?'"
"Ich kann nicht Englich!" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

JOHN G. SAXE.

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*Nein, pronounced nine, is the German for no.

☞ A good many years ago, a satirist wrote the following epigram on a pale faced lady with a red nosed husband:—

"Whence comes it that in Clara's face
The lily only has its place?
It is because the absent rose
Has gone to paint her husband's nose!"

There is *wit* for you, of the first water—or rather, of the first vinegar. Now, see how a man of sentiment can turn the same idea into *poetry*. In a famous tee-total song, by Dr. Holmes, the poet says:—

"The rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine."

☞ A single snow-flake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snow-flakes—obliterating the landmarks, drifting over the doors, gathering upon the mountains to crash in avalanches—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

Recent Skirmishes near Washington.

We judge that Gen. McClellan has begun to perfect the discipline of his troops by putting them under fire. During last week there were several skirmishes near Washington.—The correspondent of the *Phila. Inquirer* says:—

Considerable skirmishing took place yesterday between our most advanced regiments near Bailey's Cross Roads, and the advanced regiments of the enemy. The extent of the skirmishing may be inferred from the fact, that at one period of the day, about noon, our forces had driven the enemy from the ground that they had occupied in the morning, dined in the trenches, and reconnoitered for nearly two miles from the point from which they had started in the morning. Towards evening, however, the enemy having been reinforced by three additional regiments, attacked the skirmishers that we had thrown out, and drove them in on the main body.—The latter being pressed by a superior force, retired in good order to the ground they had occupied in the morning. The result of this skirmish was a loss on our part of some half-dozen killed and wounded, and a few taken prisoners, while the confederate loss was much greater. Bailey's Cross Roads remains in the hands of our forces, and the confederates are entrenching on a hill to the south of the roads. The prisoners taken during the day, were brought over to the city last night, and taken to the Capitol. It being very late, but few persons saw them pass through the streets. Most of the Union families living in the vicinity have removed to this city, leaving all their household effects behind them. They say they dread to fall into the hands of the rebels.

Gen. McClellan was in the saddle all day, and did not return to his quarters in the city till a late hour in the evening. He made the entire circuit of the encampments, seeing to every detail himself, and, on his return, expressed himself as being entirely satisfied with the condition of the defences and with the disposition of the troops. He undoubtedly understands the objects which the enemy has in view, but there are very few others who have penetrated the real meaning that is hidden under their recent mysterious movements. The confederates are undoubtedly preparing to strike a blow. It is not too much to say that if the recent female arrests had not been made, it would not have been necessary for Beauregard to have advanced so near our lines. He begins to feel now the need of that regular and daily information which he heretofore enjoyed, and is obliged now to resort to regular military reconnoisances in order to ascertain the strength and position of our forces.

The rebels can be seen at work on an entrenchment on what is called Munson's Hill. They have a large rebel flag flying, that can be seen readily from our camps, without the aid of a glass. They intend to place the Parrot gun there, which we lost at Bull's Run. All along the lines our men are eager for an attack. The under-brush and woods are being felled for miles around by thousands of axes. Orchards, shade trees, shrubbery, houses and fences are levelled to the ground, so as to make an open field.

Among the companies engaged were three from the Eleventh Wisconsin, and two from the Twenty-Third New York.

General Fremont on the Springfield Battle.—Gen. Fremont has issued the following general order in relation to the battle at Springfield, Missouri:—

Head Quarters Western Department,
St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25, 1861.

I. The official reports of the commanding officers of the forces engaged in the battle near Springfield, Mo., having been received, the Major-General commanding announces to the troops embraced in his command, with pride and the highest commendation, the extraordinary service to their country and flag rendered by the division of the brave and lamented Gen. Lyon.

For thus nobly battling for the honor of their flag, he now publicly desires to express to the officers and soldiers his cordial thanks, and commends their conduct as an example to their comrades whenever engaged against the enemies of the Union.

Opposed by overwhelming masses of the enemy in a numerical superiority of upwards of twenty thousand against four thousand three hundred, or nearly five to one, the successes of our troops were nevertheless sufficiently marked to give to their exploits the moral effect of a victory.

II. The General commanding laments, in sympathy with the country, the loss of the indomitable General Nathaniel Lyon. His fame cannot be better eulogized than in these words from the official report of his gallant successor, Major Sturgis, United States Cavalry: "Thus gallantly fell as true a soldier as ever drew a sword; a man whose honesty of purpose was proverbial; a noble patriot, and one who held his life as nothing where his country demanded it of him. Let all emulate his powess and undying devotion to his duty."

III. The regiments and corps engaged in this battle will be permitted to have "Springfield" emblazoned on their colors as a distinguished memorial of their services to the nation.

IV. The names of the officers and soldiers mentioned in the official reports as most distinguished for important services and marked gallantry will be communicated to the War Department for the consideration of the Government.

This order will be read at the head of every company in this department.

By order of Major-General Fremont.

J. C. Kelton,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

A Naval Expedition.—The following is a list of the fleet that left Fortress Monroe on the 26th:

	Officers and Men.	Tons.	Guns.
Minnesota (flag),	600	2,400	60
Wabash,	500	2,200	60
Pawnee,	110	1,000	8
Harriet Lane,	120	450	6
Adelaide,	100	400	4
George Peabody	94	450	3
Fanny,	114	360	3
Adriatic,	110	500	4
Quaker City,	114	300	5

And schooners and barges.

The main object of the naval expedition which has sailed from Fortress Monroe is said to be to blockade the southern coast, and obstruct certain inlets by sinking hulks, loaded with stone, in them. Com. Stringham commands the naval, and Gen. Butler the land forces.

Incidents of the Charleston (Mo.) Fight.—The Cairo correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following interesting items about the fight at Charleston, Missouri:

Colonel Dougherty, the men say, fought like a tiger. He was armed with nothing but a navy revolver, but each time he used it he brought his man.

At one time a rebel trooper came charging upon him, sabring right and left. Col. D., seeing his danger, snatched a musket from the ground, and, poising it just as the trooper was upon him, drove the bayonet clear through the fellow, his impaled body pitching over, and his feet raking the Colonel's head.

A PATRIOTIC MARYLAND LADY.

In making the surveys for the entrenchments to be made on the northern and eastern sides of Washington, the engineer officers came to a lovely spot near Bladensburg. A pretty cottage stood on the brow of a hill, surrounded on all sides by shrubbery, grape vines, orchards, shade trees, a superb lawn, a beautiful flower garden, &c. It was, indeed, a little Paradise. It is the residence of a lady and her daughters, whose husband is now away fighting in the service of his country. The line of the entrenchments, as surveyed, passed directly over this spot. The hill commands the surrounding country for miles, and therefore is the proper spot for a battery. But the officers saw at a glance that if a battery was erected there it would be necessary to cut down every tree in the orchard, to clear away all the shrubbery, and to make the ditch for the parapet in the flower garden. In a word the military works would completely demolish the place and render it a desert. The officers made several surveys, in hopes of finding some way in which to avoid the necessity of occupying this property at all. But in vain. There was no other hill in the neighborhood that possessed the necessary military qualifications. Calling upon the lady, therefore, the officers explained, in the most delicate manner, the object of their visit, and the military necessity which doomed her beautiful grounds to destruction. The lady listened in silence. Tears rose to her eyes. She arose, walked to the open window, looked for a moment upon the lovely scene, and then turning to the officers, said: "If it must be so, take it freely. I hoped to live here in peace and quiet, and never to leave this sweet spot, which my husband has beautified for years past. But if my country demands it, take it freely. You have my consent." Then, offering refreshments to the officers, she said no more on the subject. In the war of the revolution, in 1777, a lady of South Carolina brought to General Marion, the arrows with which to set fire to her own house. But surely, the devoted patriotism of this Maryland lady is deserving of no less praise.

[This lady doubtless will be fully compensated for the injury done her property, so far as money can do it.]

War and Slaves.—There seems to be a general misunderstanding of the universal practise of our generals heretofore in time of war. From the beginning of the government, and under all administrations, our generals have never hesitated to avail themselves of the services both of slaves and of free colored people in the Southern States. In the Revolution, free negroes served in the ranks with the white soldiers. When defending New Orleans in the last war, a regiment of free negroes was received by Gen. Jackson, and publicly thanked for their services after the battle.

In every war that we have yet waged, slaves coming into our camps, either as captures or voluntary fugitives, were treated strictly according to the laws of war. Gen. Jackson, in 1814, at New Orleans, impressed slaves into his service; many of them were killed; many kept at work till the end of the war; several of the most faithful were set at liberty. *But he steadily refused to pay their masters for their loss or their services.* It was enough that he and they together defended those masters from the enemy. His action was approved by President Madison and by the subsequent Congress. In 1836, in Florida, Gen. Jessup used slaves for his guides and spies, and when they had served him well *he set them free.* Their loyal masters claimed compensation of Van Buren first, and then of Tyler, but got nothing from either. In the same campaign a slave was captured by a spy and sent West. His loyal master tried to get his money's worth, but Congress laughed at his claim. In 1838, again, Gen. Gaines decided, in the cases of fugitives who had been seized and set free, that "the military officer can enter into no judicial examination of the claim of one man to the bone and muscle of another as property. Nor could he, as a military officer, know what the laws of Florida were while engaged in maintaining the Federal government by force of arms. In such case, he could only be guided *by the laws of war;* and whatever may be the laws of any State, they must yield to the safety of the Federal government."

Manassas No Great Crow.—Mr. Russell, in his first letter relative to the battle, left his readers to imagine the exultation in the south over their victory. In a recent letter to the *Times* he says however:—

"The more closely the consequences of Manassas are investigated, the more serious they seem to be. *It must be granted that the Confederates feel their losses more severely than the north does.* Their colonels and officers are men of mark, and even of privates killed or wounded one sees notices implying that they belong to good families, and are well known people. The O's and Macs and Vons (few of the latter), the Corcorans, Camerons, and Bruggers, prisoners, wounded, or killed, are of less consequence to the social system of the north than the Hamptons, Prestons and Mannings are to the south. If Mr. Davis and a few of the leaders were to fall in battle there would be less chance of the south continuing its struggle with the same heart and confidence; but if all the Cabinet were to go to-morrow from Washington the spirit of the northern states would not be diminished one iota. From the south, as yet, we have only a few scattered details of the fight and of its results, *but it can be seen that there was no very great exultation over the victory.*"

The Queen's "Hoop and a Call."—The London Standard reports in full the proceedings of a meeting lately convened in that city by a Duchess, at the desire of Queen Victoria, to which only the *creme de la creme* of fashionable female society were admitted, for the purpose of presenting a proposition from her Majesty to abandon hoops on the ground of their danger and the number of deaths they had caused. Of course the idea was generally received with consternation. Some very aristocratic ladies could remember no person of rank who had suffered by wearing them, and couldn't see why they should relinquish hoops because common people, to whom they were an inconvenience, presumed to copy their modes. A vigorous discussion ensued, and a proposition was finally carried, which declared for the abolition of all steel hoops and springs in skirts.

☞ Sad News from Augustus.—This misguided youth was recently asked by one from the rural districts, why the Governors of the various Northern States had recommended the planting of more grain this year than ever before—more wheat and corn?

He answered, somewhat impulsively—"Because we shall need a great many *Colonels* in the army." He was immediately conveyed by his friends to the nearest bar-room, as he needed "recruiting."—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Timely Addition.—V. F. begs to make the following addition to Sydney Smith's sarcastic saying:—

"Every man thinks he can farm a small farm, drive a gig, edit a newspaper"—or lead an army.—*Vanity Fair.*

NEWS ITEMS.

A Good Resolve.—Gen. King, of Wisconsin, and his entire staff, have taken a solemn pledge not to taste a drop of liquor so long as engaged in the present war.

An Iowa girl was discovered on Wednesday week in St. Louis, in soldier's uniform. She had almost served out her three months, and was becoming proficient in Hardee's tactics, when her fair face and delicate hands excited the suspicions of the police. On promising to return to her friends she was liberated.

Sale of a Sultan's Jewels.—The new Sultan of Turkey not only abolished the harem, deposed a vicious Prime Minister, and introduced to the notice of the astonished Turks a legitimate her to his throne, but sent all the jewels of Abdul Medjid to the auction shops of London to be sold under the hammer. There were in all sixty-five lots in the first day's sale, which realized the large sum of £8,760.

In General Richardson's entire brigade, but nineteen men are on the sick list.

Senator Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, is reported to be dangerously ill with cancer in the stomach, and but small chance of recovery.

Boston, August 29.—The report to-day that the War Department has called for five additional regiments from Massachusetts, renews the military patriotism of our people.

The official vote on the question of ratifying the new Constitution of Georgia, foots up as follows:—For ratification 11,497; against ratification 10,637; majority 860. From nine counties there are no returns, and in others only one or two precincts voted.

The Election of Commissioned Officers.—Ill-informed correspondents are sowing the seeds of regimental troubles by upholding the right of privates to elect commissioned officers. The third section of the act of August 6 makes it imperative on the Governors of the States to fill vacancies of commissioned officers occurring after that date.

The American Loan in Canada.—It seems that the Canadians are investing considerably in United States bonds—so extensively as to cause the Montreal Commercial Advertiser to state that thereby the solvency of the savings banks is likely to be compromised. The banks have been obliged to realize funds for withdrawal for such investments at much disadvantage.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce has got rid, it is said, of its secession editor, and hereafter the paper is to be neutral in politics and wholly loyal to the Government.

The Manchester (N. H.) mills, which have all been shut down since the 1st of July, are beginning to start up, much to the joy of the people. Two-thirds of the works will soon be running.

Green's rebel band, in north-eastern Missouri, has occupied Palmyra, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, and fired into a train of cars laden with arms for the United States troops at St. Joseph, so that the train was forced to return.

From southern Missouri we have now a report that the rebels, under Hardee and Thompson, are falling back on New Madrid.

The deficiency of the French wheat crop is now generally admitted. The English crops look well. The Russians have again been defeated by the Circassians.

The War Department has proofs strong and sufficient against the women recently arrested to place the fact of their complicity with and aid to the secessionists beyond all doubt.

A party of secessionists under a Captain Poindexter, have robbed the branch of the State bank at Fayette, Mo., of $100,000. It was on its way to St. Louis for safety.

Official despatches from the East Indies state that the flag officer had received the orders of the Navy Department for the immediate return of the squadron to the United States. One ship will, however, be left there, and also on the coast of Africa and of Brazil, after these squadrons shall have been withdrawn for blockading purposes.

Asylum for Recaptured Africans.—The Governor of Fernando Po has been authorized by the Spanish Government to receive in that Island a certain number of slaves who may be captured by vessels of the United States, that, being free, they may there receive the benefits of civilization. Flag officer Inman has communicated this proposition to our Government.

When Mayor Berret, of Washington, was admitted to Fort Lafayette, his hair and whiskers were of raven hue. Since then they have faded gradually, and are now almost white. At first, it was believed that grief had produced the change; but Mr. Berret makes the assertion that his altered appearance is occasioned by the lack of hair-dye.

Col. McIntosh, the commander of one of the Arkansas regiments in the Davis Creek battle in Missouri, states that the rebels had 8,000 cavalry in their army, "only a few of whom showed the white feather." Their whole force, he says, numbered 13,000, (more probably 20,000, as other accounts say, if they had 8,000 cavalry.)

A regiment of rebels, who are located at Glasgow, Kentucky, have named their encampment Camp Vallandigham, in honor of the Secession Representative in Congress of the Third District of Ohio.

Applies for Divorce.—Mrs. Sue A. Carter Foster, of Murfreesborough, N. C., the wife of Charles Henry Foster, has applied for a divorce, on the ground that her husband is an Abolitionist.

The hulks purchased at Baltimore for sinking in the entrance of the Carolina inlets numbered twenty, and ranged in price from $400 to $2,000. The latter was for large vessels of deep draft. The total cost of this machinery for putting an end to smuggling and European mercantile sympathy with our rebels, was $21,000—cheap enough.

The Norfolk (Va.) Herald has temporarily suspended for want of paper.

True Enough.—The Charleston Mercury's correspondent says:—"We are without the sympathy or friendship of any nation on earth. The only argument by which we can influence them is their necessities and fears." This correspondent says the Confederates suffered more in killed and wounded than the Federals, and complains that no advantage was taken of the Federal flight from Manassas.

What Washington thought of the Tories of 1776.—Washington wrote to Gov. Trumbull, saying:—"Would it not be prudent to seize those Tories who have been, are, and we know will be, active against us? Why should persons who are preying upon the vitals of their country be suffered to stalk at large, while we know they will do us every mischief in their power?"

It is rumored that the hostile financial tone of the London Times towards this country is instigated by the Rothschilds, who desire to get the loan exclusively into their hands. They own largely in the Times.

☞ In every great man's soul there is a tinge of melancholy. In the recesses of the thick branches and leaves of the mighty oak, twilight lingers even through the mid-day.

☞ A "great financier" says that in order to possess the experience requisite for the transaction of a safe and profitable business, it is necessary to fail about twice.

NEWS ITEMS.

Two new steamers are being built in England for the United States Government, (?) which are to be plated with steel of four inches thickness, rendering these vessel shot and bomb proof, and protecting the boilers.

INTELLIGENCE from Manassas states that since the battle of Bull Run the rebels have made extraordinary efforts to get reinforcements, drawing large forces from Tennessee, which had been held there for defensive operations on the Mississippi.

THE Providence Journal says that business in Rhode Island is assuming a more cheerful aspect. The woollen manufacture is now pretty fully occupied. There has been a rise in cotton goods, and many of the cotton mills are also starting up.

A "SEA-QUAKE" is stated to have caused great devastation on the island of Sime, near China, and destroyed 778 lives.

A CAUTION TO TANCRED.—We find the following advertisement in a Sydney paper, which shows a practice far superior to the cumbrous Old World fashions, under the auspicies of Mr. Justice Cresswell: "I hereby caution Jemima Tancred, last heard of at Gotago, New Zealand. If I do not hear from or see you within six months, I intend to get married. Jemima Tancred."

AN AMERICAN EARL.—A correspondent of the London Daily News, states, on the authority of the late Earl of Traquair, that it is not improbable that the heir to the title will be found in the United States. If so, this will be the second Scotch peerage held by an American; the other being the Barony of Fairfax, possessed, but not assumed by an American clergyman.

THE editor of one of the suppressed secession papers in St. Louis, applied to Provost Marshal McKinstry, a few days since, for permission to resume publication. Being asked if he was ready to give a written pledge that nothing should appear in its columns inconsistent with true allegiance to the Government, he replied in the negative. Like all the traitors, however, he was very fearful that the Constitution would be violated, and that the rights of the citizens were not duly respected in St. Louis. The Marshal declined to enter into any discussion, merely informing him that he was a soldier and obeyed orders. "But," remonstrated the editor, "you might be ordered to hang me." "Very possibly," replied the Major, dryly. "And would you obey orders then?" "Most assuredly I would, sir." The secession journalist left in profound disgust.

ORDERS have been forwarded to the United States Pension Agents, to administer the oath of allegiance to the United States, prescribed by the late law of Congress, to all persons drawing pensions.

CAPTAIN FOOTE has been ordered to the command of the United States naval forces in the Western waters, viz.: on the Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers.

IT is needless to crowd the Secretary of War by further applications for military appointments, as there are no vacancies excepting such as have been reserved for meritorious non-commissioned officers and privates.

THE London Globe denies, by authority, the statement that Admiral Milne has reported the blockade of the Southern ports ineffective, and says that no general report on the subject has been officially received.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—A Chicago paper says:—"All honor to the First Iowa regiment! Their term of enlistment expired some two weeks ago, and although living on half rations, exposed to peculiar hardships, without pay and without decent clothing, they volunteered unanimously to remain in Gen. Lyon's column so long as there was any decent prospect of a fight with the rebels."

THERE is a vague report of a growing coolness between France and Austria, bearing an ominious resemblance to that which preceded the war.

BARON RICASOLI, in a diplomatic circular, expresses the belief that Europe will soon be persuaded of the right of Italy to enter the Italian territory.

THOSE HAND-CUFFS.—Our neighbor of *The Courier* has a pair of hand-cuffs (what an article to be *kept on hand* by a gentleman!) presented to him, we understand, by the keeper and manager of Blind Tom, the little musical nigger. It has been stated in all of the secession papers, that the Confederate army, at the battle of Manassas, captured three wagons loaded with 32,000 of these hand-cuffs, and *The Courier* office exhibits a specimen in proof of the truth of the statement. Now to stamp the whole story as base, it may be well to consider the weight of each hand-cuff—certainly not less than a pound. Supposing that to be the weight, 32,000 cuffs would weigh 32,000 pounds; and, as army wagons never load over 800 pounds, *it would take forty wagons to carry them!* That will do.—*Louisville Journal.*

NORTHERN REBEL PRINTS.—The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth says that "the New York News, the New York Day Book, the Cincinnati Enquirer, and a few other Northern papers of that stripe, are doing more to foster and prolong this rebellion than all the Southern fanatics and disunion papers combined."

ALL enlisted men in the volunteer service who have been taken prisoners by the enemy and released on parole will be discharged from the service.

A DISTINGUISHING MARK FOR OUR NATIONAL COLORS.—It is proposed to mount the flag staff of our national colors with a carved or cast gilt spread eagle, so that the difference between ours and the rebel flag may be easily distinguished. The idea is a good one and oughtt o be adopted.

COLOR IN STATUARY.—Mr. Gibson, the English artist, who is now in Rome, is at work at a statue of Diana, and also on a statue of Pandora, in which he has freely indulged his predilection for color. The flesh represents ivory, the hair gold, with a wreath of white flowers encircling the head, and the eyes are colored a delicate blue. Her under dress is not colored, excepting a narrow blue border, which contrasts well with the purity of the marble, and the box which she holds is relieved with gold and color.

THERE is said to be a strong Union feeling in North Carolina, and several members of Congress were elected on the regular day in August. There is said to be a secret Union league all through the south.

A REBEL DASH.—Recently, near Washington, a dash of the rebel cavalry was made at what they supposed to be a deserted cannon, after about twelve rounds had been fired at it from their howitzers. On a near approach, however, they discovered it to be a sham. Some of the Michiganders had deceived the enemy for sport, by mounting a stove pipe on an old pair of wheels.

WASHINGTON, August 29.—The statement that news has been received indicating a certain speedy recognition of the Confederate States by England is unfounded. On the contrary, the indications are, that all the European governments intend to continue to respect the blockade, and to await the result of the contest.

A FINALITY.—We notice in the Eastern papers that editorial opinion is divided in regard to the orthography of the name of the brigadier who succeeds General Lyon. Some spell it Siegel, others Seigel, and still others Siegle. His name is Franz Sigel.—*St. Louis Republican.*

BOUNTIES, SOLDIERS' PAY, ETC.

The Acts of the late session in reference to bounties, pay, &c., of soldiers, appears not to be generally understood. A gentleman versed in the laws furnishes the following facts:—

1. By Acts of the late Congress all bounties for enlistment were abolished, as well as the two-dollar fee for bringing recruits to the rendezvous for enlistment.

2. For the first re-enlistment in the regular army, the soldier is to receive two dollars per month in addition to his former pay, and one dollar for every susequent enlistment.

3. Soldiers who now enter the service, either as regulars or volunteers, "for the war," and serve out ther enlistment, shall, with their discharge, receive one hundred dollars bounty, or that amount will be paid to the legal representatives of such as die or are killed in the service.

4. After the 6th of August, 1861, privates who receive eleven dollars will receive thirteen, and those who formerly received twelve dollars will also receive thirteen—privates and corporals receive the same pay—but no other change is made in the pay of non-commissioned officers, musicians, or artificers.

5. By the increase in the privates' pay, the allowance of every officer who has a servant is increased thereby—either twelve or twenty-four dollars per year for each servant he is entitled to.

NOTE.—There is no authority for the offer of $30 now made as an inducement to enlist. The additional bounty for enlistments at distant points is also abolished. The fee for administering the oath is abolished; that duty is hereafter to be performed by a commissioned officer.

ARMY HATS.

A correspondent who commends our remarks in favor of clothing all our soldiers in blue, suggests a further improvement, which will make their dress still more distinctive. It is that all the soldiers be furnished with the Regulation Felt Hat. An experience of five years in the service has taught him that one of the most important things in the uniform of the soldier is that he have something that affords proper protection to the eyes and head. With such protection as is given by the felt hat, men can endure more, march more easily and become more efficient soldiers. The common military cap, worn now, gives as little protection as can be given by anything that the head will carry, and the havelock has to be resorted to to enable men to get along with it at all. But the felt hat is soft and pliable, and its broad brim shelters both the eyes and the neck. Moreover the Southerners cannot provide such hats for their troops, as they do not make them. So that if our soldiers, volunteers as well as regulars, all wore them, the most conspicuous article of the uniform would at once serve to distinguish them from the enemy, and there would be no more firing on our own men.—*Philada. Bulletin.*

LETTER FROM PRINCE NAPOLEON.—The following is the answer of Prince Napoleon to the invitation of Governor Andrew to visit Massachusetts:—

[TRANSLATION.]

His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts:

Sir—I hasten to address you my sincere thanks for the amiable letter which your Excellency has sent me by your Aid-de camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison Ritchie. The Princess and myself are equally touched by the sentiments of thoughtful kindness which you express for us.

I am about to commence a journey to the West, to which I shall devote three or four weeks, and it is on my return from that excursion that I hope to go to Boston. All that I have seen up to the present moment of your grand and beautiful country has increased in me the desire which I have felt to visit that scientific capital of the United States—cradle of their liberty.

For a long time I have cherished for America a profound sympathy, inspired by its grandeur and by its liberal institutions; and the cordial reception which I now meet, from so many of its most notable inhabitants, will leave in my heart a touching and enduring remembrance.

Receive, Mr. Governor, the special expression of my sentiments of profound esteem.

NAPOLEON (Jerome.)

DIRECT FROM GEORGIA.—By a gentleman who left Savannah, Georgia, last Wednesday, we learn that the most deplorable state of affairs exists in that section. A reign of terror, worse than that of the French revolution, hangs over the people like a sable pall. Spies and informers have but to indicate an individual against whom they have a personal hate, and the secret clubs forthwith ostracise or hang him.

A poor German, against whom one of the Golden Circle had a spite, was informed against for selling to a negro a bottle of whiskey, and he was ordered to leave in twelve hours. Not obeying, he was seized and hung in front of the Pulaski House, in the presence of two thousand spectators, on Tuesday last.

British subjects are impressed into the rebel service. Forced levies are made upon them, and British Consuls are not recognized as they are accredited to the United States. The reign of terror is supreme.

Our informant is an Englishman, and reached this city, via Nashville, last evening. —*Chicago Journal.*

THE INDIAN ALLIES OF THE SOUTH.—The Memphis Avalanche says, on hearing of the battle of Springfield: "Arkansas, Texas and Missouri, and the *gallant Choctaws*, share the glories of Springfield." And again:

"The red men of the forest are gathering to the standard of the South. Albert Pike, the Indian's friend, acting as Commissioner of the Confederate States, is forming alliances with the most noted tribes of the West. Even the wild Camanches, heretofore untamable, are about to be brought under the protection and influence of the Confederate Government, and mustered into the service of the Confederate States. It will be a grand sight to see a cavalry brigade of those wild and fierce horsemen of the desert subjected to the discipline of civilized warfare, fighting the battles of the South. Our Indian army will strike terror into the craven hearts of our mercenary invaders."

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 31, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	15 dis.
Canada	2½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	30 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	50 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	15 to 18 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	4 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	25 dis.
Maryland	½ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	25 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

THE Richmond Examiner of the 26th says the Confederate Congress has decided to repeal the law establishing ports of entry and throw all the Southern coast open to foreign commerce, providing that vessels which run the blockade into shore inlets may pay the Confederate duties at the port nearest their landing.

ELLIS B. SCHNABEL, a well-known democratic politician of Philadelphia, has been arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette, for preaching treason at white-feather meetings in Connecticut.

PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.

☞ We ask the attention of the trade to this long tested and unrivalled

FAMILY MEDICINE.

It has been favorably known for more than twenty years to be the

ONLY SURE SPECIFIC

for many diseases incident to the human family.

INTERNALLY AND EXTERNALLY

IT WORKS EQUALLY SURE.

What stronger proof of these facts can be produced than the following letter received unsolicited from A. W. Curtis:

Romeo, Macomb Co., Mich., July 9, 1860.

MESSRS. J. N. HARRIS & CO.

Gentlemen—The confidence I have in Perry Davis's Pain Killer as a remedy for Colds, Coughs, Burns, Sprains and Rheumatism, for the cure of which I have successfully used it, induces me to cheerfully recommend its virtues to others.

A few months ago I had recourse to it to destroy a felon; although I had never heard of its being used for that purpose, but having suffered intensely from a former one, and having no other remedy at hand, I applied the Pain Killer, freely for about fifteen minutes at evening, and repeated the application very briefly the next morning, which entirely destroyed the felon, and increased my confidence in the utility of the remedy. Yours truly, A. W. CURTIS,
Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

THE PAIN KILLER

has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller—on sea and land—and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.

Be sure you call for and get the genuine Pain Killer, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been dull; the receipts and stocks are moderate, but buyers come forward slowly, and about 10,000 bbls have been disposed of for export, part coastwise, at $4,50@5 for common and good extra; $5,37½@5,87½ for extra family, the latter for selected Western, and $6,25@6,50 for Ohio and City Mills fancy brands. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the range of $4@4,75 for old stock and late made superfine; $4,87½@5 for strictly fresh ground do; $4,50@5,75 for extra and extra family, and $6@6,50 ⅌ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality and freshness. Rye Flour continues dull, with small sales at $2,75@3 ⅌ bbl—the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is inquired for and very scarce at $2,75 ⅌ bbl for Pennsylvania Meal.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat; sales reach about 45,000 bus, mostly for shipment, at $1,10@1,16 for common to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store, and $1,12 to $1,20 for Southern do, afloat, closing at $1,10@1,13 for the former, and $1,16 for the latter, of prime quality, including white at from $1,20 to $1,30, the latter for Kentucky. We quote at $1,25 for prime Southern. Rye is scarce, and the receipts have found ready sale at 58@60c for old, and 54@56c for new. Corn continues scarce and prices are rather better, with sales of 20,000 bus Pennsylvania and Southern yellow at 54@56c, the latter afloat, and white at 57@60c. Oats are also rather better, and about 30,000 bus have been disposed of at 25@29c for common to prime new Southern; 31c for old do; and 31@32c for old Pennsylvania, in store and afloat. Barley is quiet, and prices nearly nominal.

PROVISIONS continue dull and neglected, bbld Meats selling at $15@15,50 for Mess Pork, and Mess Beef at $11@16 ⅌ bbl, as to lots, the latter for city packed. Bacon Hams move off as wanted at 8@10c for plain and fancy cured, nothing doing in Shoulders. Green Meats are not inquired for and nearly nominal at previous quotations. Lard is steady at 9@9½c for tcs and bbls; 200 tcs sold mostly at 9½c, cash, and 250 kegs at 9½@9¾c, cash and time. Butter is quiet at 8@11c, the latter for fresh lots. Cheese is steady at 7@8c. Eggs are better and selling at 10@10½c ⅌ dozen.

COTTON—The stock is very much reduced, but the demand is limited. About 300 bales have been disposed of in small lots, mostly low grades, at from 13 to 20½c cash, the latter for middlings.

ASHES are unchanged, with about the usual business doing in both Pots and Pearls.

BARK—There is a fair demand for Quercitron, with further sales of 150 hhds, part at $26½@27 for 1st No 1, and part private. Tanners' Bark is dull and neglected.

BEESWAX continues scarce and in demand at 30c ⅌ ℔.

COAL—Anthracite continues in fair request, mostly to go East, at fully former rates.

COFFEE—About 4500 bags Rio, from the late import, sold at 13½@15c; 600 bags, in small lots, at 14@15½c, all on time; 1731 bags do, by auction, at from 13½ to 15½c, average 13.95, mostly cash, and 500 bags Laguayra, by private contract, at 16@17c, on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull, and no sales have come under our notice. Yellow Metal is steady, with further sales at 18c, 6 mos.

FRUIT—Apples $1 ⅌ basket, and 75c@$2 ⅌ basket for Peaches, the latter for extra quality.—Dried Fruit is rather more inquired for, with sales of old at 2½@3c for Apples, and 4@6c ⅌ ℔ for unpared Peaches.

HAY is selling at about 60c for new and 70c the 100 ℔s for old.

HIDES—There is nothing doing, except in a small way, and prices nominally unchanged.

HEMP—There is little or no stock out of the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are dull, and selling in a small way at 20@25c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market is quiet, sales of a few small lots, in all about 1000 tons Anthracite at former rates. Nothing new in other kinds, and prices the same.

LEAD is firmly held, but no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—Light slaughter meets with an active demand at fully former rates.

LUMBER—The market is very dull, and prices of most kinds are nearly nominal. Further sales Laths are reported at $1,25. Lehigh Hemlock Boards sell at $10, Susquehanna White Pine at $11@15, Lehigh do $11@12, and rafted Hemlock at $6 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm but inactive, with a reduced stock of prime on sale, and a small business to note at 20@21c for Clayed, and 24@25c for Muscovado, and 40c for New Orleans, on time.

PLASTER is arriving and selling slowly at $2,25 ⅌ ton.

RICE is firm and on the advance, and a small business doing at 6½@6¾c ⅌ ℔. The stock is very much reduced.

SEEDS are quiet, with a moderate business in Timothy on arrival at $2@2,12½ ⅌ bus. Of Clover, the offerings and sales are light at $4,50@4,75 ⅌ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is arriving and selling more freely at $1,35@1,39 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy is firm and on the advance, with a very small business to note. Gins are steady. Of N E Rum the sales are limited at 27@29c. Whiskey is unchanged, bbls selling at 18@18½c, the latter for Prime Ohio, and Drudge at 17½c; hhds are scarce.

SUGARS—The market has been firm, but inactive, with sales of 500 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note, at 6½@7½c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW is quiet, with small sales at 8½@8¾c for city, and 7½c for country rendered.

TOBACCO—There is more doing in both leaf and manufactured, and prices are better, with a very light stock of the former on sale.

WOOL—The demand is mostly confined to the low and medium grades, prices, ranging from 35 to 37c ⅌ ℔ net. The new clip comes in slowly, and fine fleece is neglected. A sale of 20,000 ℔s, however, is reported on terms kept private.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1256 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8 cts ⅌ ℔. 50 Cows brought from $25 to 35 ⅌ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from $6,00 to 6,25 ⅌ cwt. 5000 Hogs sold at from $5,50 to 6 ⅌ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

By the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, JOSEPH J. CHANDLER, to MARIQUETA Y. E. daughter of John Mason, Esq. both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb. by the Rev. M. Winston, Mr. GEORGE W. GRIFFEE, to Miss CARRIE D. KURTZ, both of this city.

On the 13th of Aug. 1861, by the Rev. Mr. Alsop, GEORGE L. WALKER, to AUGUSTA, daughter of the late Wm. K. Huffnagle, Esq. both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD CHILLMAN, to Miss NETTIE LOMAS, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Blynn, ALEX. MARCY, M. D. of Camden, N. J. to Miss HANNAH A. MECRAY, of Cape Island, N. J.

July 30th, by the Rev. James Cunningham, WESLEY P. WIMER, to PHEBE D. ROBERTS, both of this city.

On the 8th of April, by the Rev. Father, O'Haran, of St. Paul's Church, Mr. JAMES LYNN, to Miss ANN M. THOMPSON, only daughter of Henry Thompson, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday, the 27th ultimo, WILLIAM CAMPBELL, in his 62d year.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. GEORGE W. EDWARDS, in his 57th year.

At Springfield, Burlington county, N. J. on Monday morning, the 26th ultimo, RICHARD C. SHREVE, Jr. in his 22d year.

Suddenly, on the 24th ultimo, at his residence, in Morrisville, Pa., EDWARD S. WORRELL, in his 54th year.

Suddenly, on the 23d ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA DELAP, wife of John Delap, teacher, aged 65.

On the 25th ultimo, EDWARD H. DICKINSON, in his 59th year.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. JANE GAMBLE, wife of John Gamble, in her 73d year.

On 5th-day, 23d ultimo, MARTHA J. GIBSON, widow of the late John Gibson, in her 60th year.

On the 23d ultimo, MARGARET, widow of the late Stephen Toram, aged 50 years.

On the 25th ultimo, REBECCA, wife of Geo. W. Young, in her 33d year.

On the 25th ultimo, NATHANIEL HOLT, in his 29th year.

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, in Philadelphia.

The regular course of Lectures in this institution will *commence* on the Fourteenth day of October, 1861, and *continue* until the First of March, 1862.

The Commencement will take place early in March.

FEES.—For a full course of Lectures, $100. Matriculation, $5. Practical Anatomy, $10. Graduation, $30. S. S. BROOKS, M. D., Dean,
my18eow10t 1320 Vine Street.

A LAMP CHIMNEY THAT WILL NOT BREAK.—The Patent Mica Lamp Chimneys for Coal Oil Lamps will not break by falling or cleaning, the heat or cold. They are more transparent than glass, and do not require near the amount of cleaning. They are more economical in the consumption of oil. They are an ornament to a lamp, and when one is purchased, with care it will last as long at the lamp. They are made of the finest quality of Mica, and fit all the ordinary Coal Oil burners in use. Give them a trial and satisfaction is certain. AMOS HORNING,
Agent for Manufacturer,
No. 321 N. Second St., Philada.

N. B.—A well selected stock of Coal Oil Lamps at prices defying competition; also Portland Kerosene and other Coal Oils by the barrel or less quantity. aug31-4t

BILIOUS AFFECTIONS,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, &c.
JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS,
A MILD, PROMPT & EFFECTIVE REMEDY

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not required, and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might be avoided by timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic medicines.

Convinced of the correctness of these views,

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

Are recommended with the greatest confidence, experience having demonstrated them to be far superior to any other in use, being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation. While using them no particular care is required, and patients may eat and drink as usual. Age will not impair them, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the stomach. In small doses they are alterative and gently laxative, but in large doses are actively cathartic, cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

For DYSPEPSIA, these Pills are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. In cases of long standing, a cure will be more speedily effected by using, in conjunction with the Pills, either JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE or TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to directions.

For **Liver Complaint, Gout, Jaundice, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Female Diseases, and Bilious Affections,** these Pills have proved themselves eminently successful. All that is asked for them is a fair trial.

The SANATIVE PILLS and all of DR. D. JAYNE & SON'S *Family Medicines* are prepared only at 242 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country.
sep7tf

AGENTS WANTED—To sell packets of Stationary and Jewelry. Extra inducements are offered, amongst which are Silver Watches, Guard Chains, Bracelets, and other valuable articles. Address, with stamp enclosed, J. L. BAILEY, 154 Court St., Boston, Mass.
aug24-3t

"THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT."

INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

SPALDING'S
THROAT CONFECTIONS,
ARE
GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,
GOOD FOR LECTURERS,
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
GOOD FOR SINGERS,
GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES,

GENTLEMEN CARRY

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.

They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.
They give strength and volume to the Voice.
They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.
They are delightful to the Taste.
They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.

A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address,

HENRY C. SPALDING,
NO. 48 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
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ALL KINDS
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HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

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HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fail into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it brove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

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Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

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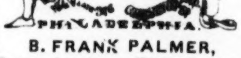

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Wit and Humor.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

As down in Cupid's Garden
For pastime I did go,
Considering Fashion's flowers
Which in that garden grow;
Which in that garden grow.

I see a fine young lady,
And unto her did say,
"Beest thee engaged to e'er young Swell?
Come, tell me now, I pray;
Come tell me now, I pray?"

"I ben't engaged to ne'er a young Swell,
I'm sorry to declare;
For I cost so much in Crinoline,
And the other things I wear;
And the other things I wear."

—*Punch.*

A "BURGLARIOUS DEMONSTRATION"
On an Apple Orchard, and What Came of it.

Farmer D——— was one of the stingiest men that the county of R——— could boast of. Possessing one of the best apple orchards within a circuit of ten miles, it was no wonder that frequent incursions, by parties of evil-disposed boys, were made to it, in order to obtain some of the luscious fruit, for which it was celebrated far and wide. It was about the time of "gathering in;" barrels had been placed beneath the trees, and everything arranged preparatory to picking the fruit. One Sabbath afternoon, about the time it was thought the old gentleman took his usual nap, a trio of students, from the academy near by stole into the orchard, and made directly for the best tree—the pride of the orchard. No sooner had they arrived there, and before they had touched any of the fruit, they espied the old man making a tour of inspection, looking in every direction to see if any trespassers were about. There was no time to be lost; springing into the tree, one of them, Joe N———, safely ensconced himself in the branches; another, Charley G———, seating himself upon the ground, laid hold of a barrel, and placing it over him, completely hid himself from view. While the other, Will B———, was looking about for some place of concealment, Farmer D——— happened to espy him. The old gent looked fairly bewildered for a time at his piece of audacity, but quickly recovering himself, he gave one loud yell of anger, and then started for Will, who had now determined to make a bold stand and the best of it. "What are you doing here, you rascal—you thief—you—you—" exclaimed the old fellow, fairly beside himself with rage, capering about and foaming at the mouth, like a madman. "As to my being a thief," retorted Will, "allow me to insinuate, my old torpedo, that I have not as yet touched one of your apples. The One above knows that I have not." Now it must be remembered that Joe, from his position, heard everything that was going on, and thinking himself the individual alluded to as being "above," cried out in a sarcastic manner, and with a view of criminating the others. "Yes, and the one under that barrel knows as much about it as I do!" Maybe there wasn't a noise kicked up inside of that barrel; and maybe a shower of apples and limbs didn't precede the fall of Joe to the ground. Whew! you should have witnessed the old man. Whether the look of mingled astonishment and rage was caused by the audacity of the proceeding, or by the contemplation of the 2.40 speed at which the boys made tracks for the fence is not known; but certain it is, however, the boys thought that there was a great misunderstanding between themselves.

SMART SALMON.

Some years ago a case was on trial at the Supreme Court of Maine, and in one of the eastern counties, in which the plaintiff sought to recover compensation for alleged injury to his fishing privilege, occasioned by an erection of a mill-dam by the defendants. The testimony on the part of the plaintiff was clear and conclusive, and it was supposed the case would be submitted to the jury without the production of any witnesses by defendants. But after some consultation, their counsel finally called an old rough, weather-beaten fisherman, who was interrogated as to the habits of the salmon, and the effects of the dam. He stated, with other things, that he had known salmon to go up right up over a dam that is fifteen feet perpendicular.

"What is that, Mr. Witness? Do I understand you to say that salmon go over a dam fifteen feet perpendicular?"

"Why, *sartin!* Your honor don't know no more about them are fish than a child. Why, look here, your honor, I live on a p'int of land 'at makes sout in the river so, (drawing a map on the witnesses' box,) and, ye see, the salmon coming up have to go clear round this here p'int. Wall, your honor, the fish coming up the river, spiteful-like, when they get agin my house, leap clear across, right over my house and barn, a hundred and fifty feet, at least, your honor. I've picked up fat ones, your honor, too heavy to fetch across, many a time."

The court had listened in mute astonishment, but the next moment the peremptory order, "Mr. Sheriff, put that man out," was heard, above bursts of laughter.

A Bran New Theory.—There is a large and flourishing village which boasts of quite a philosopher, astronomer, &c., in the person of its principal merchant, a singularly odd specimen of humanity, by all accounts. He has lately discovered the mode in which the moon acts upon the sea to produce tides. This has never been entirely settled or explained until now, and the sage aforesaid has the honor of being the discoverer. He says that "Tides are caused by the moon squatting down into the water!" The very latest theory "out."

A HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE TO BOOT

Old V———, a well-to-do farmer in Illinois, had some four marriageable daughters; and being one of those men who think their girls should get married as soon as they are out of their short clothes, felt somewhat chagrined that his girls should remain on his hands so long.

Now, there was a young fellow in the neighborhood who had been waiting on the V——— girls for some time, and gone the round from oldest to youngest; and the old man had been anxiously waiting for, and expecting young B——— to "ask consent" for some one of the girls, but as yet he waited in vain. B———, however, had proposed and been accepted; but the old folks had not been made acquainted with the fact.

Now, in the meantime, young B——— had purchased a fine horse of the old gent, and had given his note on six months' time for one hundred dollars. Well, pay day was fast approaching, and B——— had not the "ready" to meet it; so the day before the note became due, young B——— made his way over to the old gent's, determined to ask him for his daughter—hoping thereby to get an extension on the note at least.

As good luck would have it, he met the old man in the yard, and was about to go through with the interesting ceremony of "asking consent," when imagine his surprise and joy, when the old gent broke out with the following:

"Look here, B———, you young rascal, you have been courtin' my gals for mor'n a year; you have been gaddin' and cuttin' round with the whole on 'em. Now, your note comes due to-morrow, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall marry one of my gals—I don't care a snap which—and I'll give you a good settin' out and your hundred dollar note to boot; and if you don't I'll sue you, by thunder!"

"It's a bargain," said B———, "I'll do it." And the next week there was a "tall" wedding down at the old man V———'s; and to this day B——— chuckles over the way the old man gave his consent without asking, "and a hundred dollar note to boot."

Perplexing Case.—Hon. James H. Knowlton, one of our most eminent Western advocates, met with the following perplexing adventure in his early practice in Wisconsin:—

A stranger came into his office and abruptly informed him that his wife had deserted him, and wished to have her replevined at once. Knowlton told him that that remedy would not meet his case exactly, and went on to inform him that if he would be patient until the desertion had continued one year, he could obtain a divorce. The stranger said he did not know that he wanted a divorce. What he mostly feared was that his wife would run him in debt all over the country.

"In that case," said Knowlton, "you had better post her."

What his client understood him to mean by posting, remains a mystery to this day. He said, in a meditative way, that he didn't know where she had gone, and besides, that she was fully as strong as he was, and he didn't believe he could post her, even if he knew where to find her.

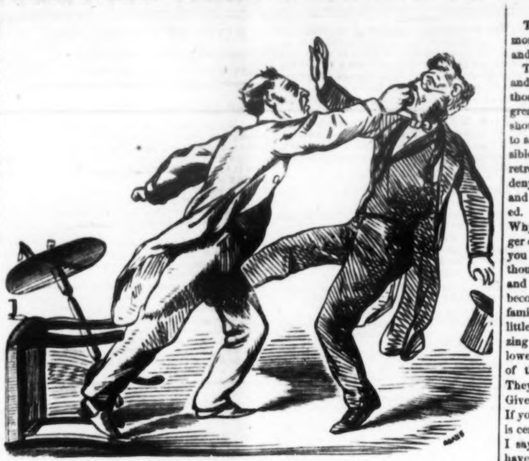
Knowlton hastened to inform him that by posting his wife he meant putting a notice in a newspaper, saying: "Whereas my wife [illegible] has left my bed and board without any just—"

"But that ain't true," interrupted the client—"that ain't true. She didn't leave my bed—she took it away with her."

Obeying Orders.—Highland servants are proverbially matter of fact. Mr. Campbell, a country gentleman, about leaving a house in the mountains, told his man Donald to bring down every thing out of the bedroom. Sortly after, going out into the hall, he found that the faithful creature had removed everything in the shape of furniture from the room, and made a pile of fenders, fireirons, chairs, carpets, etc., in the entry. On another occasion he told Donald, "*Carry* any ladies who may call up into the parlor." A few minutes afterward Donald appeared on the stairs, very red in the face, struggling with a dowager whom he was attempting willy-nilly to lug up bodily according to literal orders.

Riding Backwards.—The following relative to "Infantry *practice*," noted by a Buffalo paper, should receive attention at the hands of those engaged in *ambulancing* the youngsters:—"It is a common practice for mothers and servants to push along the sidewalks the little carriage in which they are giving infants an airing on pleasant days. An exchange remarks that the practice is a very dangerous one, and is liable to do great and permanent injury to children. The position of a child riding backward instead of forward, is an unnatural one, and affects the brain. Some grown persons even cannot ride backwards in a railroad car, without experiencing a sensation of faintness, and to do what a strong adult cannot, is unreasonable, to say the least. It is believed by medical writers, that infants have died from disease produced by this unnatural exercise of riding backwards."

Insect Music.—All that we read is not gospel. Buffon, Goldsmith, and others, tell us that flying insects, like musquitoes, locusts, and so on, make the humming noise they do by beating the air with their wings. It's all a mistake. They sing just like ourselves, only their vocal organs are deposited not in their throats, but along the sides of their bodies. They use (so the microscope assures us,) a wind pipe, the outlet of which is furnished with a vibrating valve like that employed on the accordeon; but then a man has only one of these arrangements, while most insects have at least a dozen; and through each of the dozen, as they fly, the air is made to rush with prodigious effect, and some degree of melody.



The Doctor Has Been Sounding the Gentleman's Chest in the Present Approved Fashion; That is, Without Giving Him Previous Notice.
Irascible Patient.—"Does it hurt me? Does that hurt you?"

WOMAN'S DRESS.

BY HELEN C. LEWIS.

A healthy dress permits every organ in the body to perform its functions untrammeled. The fashionable style does not allow this free action of the vital parts, and hence the present feeble, crippled condition of the women of America. This evil, together with other physiological errors, is doing much to shorten the lives of our women, and compromise the health and life of the whole American race.

To avert these sad results and to improve the health of our women generally, it is proposed that the following style of dress be adopted. This dress has been worn by the writer nearly thirty-nine years, and she is happy to say that it has saved her from a consumptive's grave, to which, she was slowly but surely tending.

The waist should be several inches larger than the body—a little shorter than the present fashion, and full in front, that the chest may enjoy the freest action. The bands of the skirt should be much larger than the body, buttons to be placed on the band of the inside skirt, just as they are on a gentleman's pants for suspenders, and the same elastic suspenders worn, crossing behind. Make button holes in the bands of the other skirts to correspond with the buttons on the inside skirt, and button on; thus one pair of suspenders will carry three or more skirts.—This style of dress is attended by no discomfort to the wearer, and allows full action to every organ in the body. At the same time it is sufficiently fashionable to escape observation.

Of course, corsets should never be worn. And with the skirts supported as above described, there is no apology for wearing them.

Whalebones have no business in a woman's dress. They spoil all the beauty of outline which Powers and other great artists have found in the natural woman. They interfere not less with that peculiar undulating action of the chest and abdomen which results from the normal action of the thoracic and abdominal viscera. And if the waist be short and loose, as advised above, there will be no need of whalebones to keep it down.

God knew what He was doing when He made the human body, and made it just right in every way; and we cannot alter its shape without destroying its beautiful symmetry, and causing disease and premature death.—*Lewis's New Gymnastics.*

MIASM.

On the wings of the viewless winds in September, the sickliest month of the year, there is wafted an agency of disease and death, so ethereal in its nature, so intangible to mortal sense, so insinuating, so all-pervading, that no alembic can detect its presence, no prison bar or palace gate can prevent its entrance. It is called "Miasm;" it is an emanation from the surface of the earth wherever there is vegetation, moisture and heat equal to eighty degrees, and is the fruitful cause of many diseases which ravage whole communities at a time, such as agues, fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera, pestilence and plague. But its laws are known, and its destructive agencies can be averted by avoiding exposure and fatigue in the outdoor air for the hour including sunrise and sunset, at which times a hot breakfast and supper should be eaten, by a good fire, in all prairie, flat, water-course, and lake and seashore situations. If the common people could only be induced to take these simple, easy, practicable, and comprehensive precautions, these diseases would be prevented as epidemics, or arrested in their progress, as certainly as that care can prevent the firing of a town, and that water will put it out.—These are the teachings of science, and experiment has demonstrated their truth beyond a cavil. Yet who will take these precautions? —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Seaman's Sabbath.—The following couplet expresses the opinion of sailors as to the estimate which their captains place upon the Sabbath:—

"Six days thou shalt work, and do all thou art able;
The seventh, thou shalt scour the decks, and then wash the cable."

Agricultural.

Poisonous Properties of Brine.—It may not be known to all that brine, in which meat or fish have been salted, is poisonous to domestic animals. If left in their way they will partake freely of it, as they will of pure salt, when it very often proves fatal. The Union Medicale, a French publication, gives an account of the researches of M Reynal in regard to the poisonous properties of brine. From a series of experiments detailed, he draws the following conclusions:

First—That three or four months after its preparation, it acquires poisonous properties.

Second—That the mean poisonous dose for a horse is four pints; for the hog, one pint; and for a dog, four or five ounces.

Third—That in less doses it produces vomiting in the dog and hog.

Fourth—That the employment of this substance, mixed with the food, continued for a certain time, even in small quantities, may be fatal.

We know from experience, that brine, if swallowed by hogs and other animals, will prove fatal, yet we doubt if the subject is susceptible of the definite results as stated by M. Reynal, for the degree of the poisonous properties of the brine depends on various circumstances. We have known a much less quantity to prove fatal than that stated above. —*Valley Farmer.*

"Show" Short-Horns.—The following extract from the Mark Lane Express, shows how short-horn cattle that are kept for show in England are sometimes fed. The writer is speaking of the short-horns exhibited at the late show of the Royal Agricultural Society, and of the appearance of the cows as to dairy properties. He says:—"But the dairy, proper, was, after all, 'The Nursery,' a recognized section of the short-horn show, though not free to the public. In a yard, handy to the stewards' offices, were sixteen real milking cows with razor backs and big bags. And for what purpose were they there? To supply the judges, the stewards, and other hard-working-do-nothing officials with fresh milk for breakfast, perhaps? Not a bit of it. Probably, then, the refreshment contractor had his eye on them for tea and coffee or whipped creams? As most assuredly, he had not. *These cows were provided for the short-horn stock to suck.* Not merely for the calves, be it understood, but for *well-grown* animals, almost fit to have calves and milk of their own. During our visit to the Nursery, a 'Jolly' heifer, about a year and a half old, was put to the side of a cow not much bigger than herself! She came, as many others did, regularly twice or thrice a day, having nothing more to live upon but 'a little meal and other things,' as the herdsman had it."

Virginia Farms.—A New England home means much. Within the past hour (says Judge French) we conversed with a soldier from Middlesex county, just from the seat of war in Virginia. "Many of our boys are farmers," said he, "and we have been finding out how they carry on their farms down there. Some of them have not used any manure for a dozen years, and everything is out of order. If we Yankees had them, how soon we would make splendid farms of them. They don't keep their places neat, as we do: they don't look much like *home*."—*New England Farmer.*

Value of a Dead Horse.—The average value of the carcass of a dead horse is about $10; yielding about 1¼ lbs. hair for cloth, about 30 lbs. of hide, 6 lbs. of hoofs and tendons, for glue and buttons, 160 lbs. of bone, made into snuff-boxes, knife-handles, phosphorus and superphosphate of lime, and 60 lbs. of blood, yielding prussiate of potash.

"All Men Have Their Price."—Party malice has poisoned the streams of tradition, whilst carelessness, vanity, or the wanton love of mischief has troubled them. Sir Robert Walpole was accused of the worst cynicism of corruption, on the strength of his alleged maxim, "All men have their price." What he really said was, "All these men have their price," alluding to the so-called "patriots" of the opposition.

GOOD ADVICE.

These timely considerations occur in a sermon recently delivered by an enlightened and patriotic clergyman:

The state of the times demands liberality and a generous expenditure on the part of those who have the means—whose income is greater than their wants. Such as these should not study economy, should not aim to save as much and spend as little as possible. I hear many of this class talking of retrenchment, of reducing their expenses, of denying themselves and their families this and that to which they have been accustomed. I say no. This is a mistaken policy. Why should you save? You are in no danger of suffering. Why should you spend less, you who have more than enough, while thousands around are wanting employment and bread, and have nothing? What is to become of this class if every rich man, every family whose income exceeds, by much or little, their current expenses, begins economizing and diminishing expenditures to the lowest point possible? What is to become of these people without work or money? They must live. They must have bread. Give them employment and they will earn it. If you do not, they must still have bread, that is certain, and somebody must furnish it. No, I say again, saving closely, with those who have abundant means, is false policy in such times as the present. Suppose your income has been annually four thousand dollars—and suppose you have lived at an expense of three thousand dollars, is it wisdom, is it mercy, to reduce your expenses to two thousand dollars, on the plea of hard times? It is not hard times for you. Better far keep on spending your three thousand dollars. Do not expect to save anything while the war lasts and thousands are in danger of being out of employment. Live as you have lived,—spend all your income, even if you never did before. Every new hat or coat, every new sofa or carpet, furnishes work and bread to industrious men. Every new bonnet or dress gives employment to needle-women who are struggling with poverty and suffering. How much better to pay them the money, and leave them their self-respect and independence, than by and by to give it to them as a charity, humiliating and painful.

Pleasures of Prodigality.—It would not be a pleasant arrangement, that a man who was to be carried across from England to France should be fixed on a board so weighed that his mouth and nostrils should be on a level with the water, and thus that he should be struggling for life, and barely escaping drowning all the way. Yet hosts of people, whom no one proposes to put under restraint, do as regards their income and expenditure a precisely analogous thing. They deliberately weigh themselves to that degree that their heads are barely above water, and that any unforeseen emergency dips them under.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Useful Receipts.

How to Stop the Flow of Blood.—Housekeepers, mechanics, and others, in handling knives, tools, and other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely, and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows:—Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound; at all times accessible and easily obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would, probably, make no better prescription if he was present.

Green Corn Pudding.—This is one of the numerous luxuries which the farmer can enjoy with but little expense or trouble. For making it, take twelve ears of green corn, full in the milk and grate it. To this add one quart of sweet milk, one-fourth of a pound of fresh butter, four eggs well beaten, pepper and salt as much as may be deemed necessary. Stir the ingredients well together, and bake in a buttered dish. Some add a quarter pound of fine sugar, and eat with sauce. This is a fine-flavored and excellent dish, cold or warm, with meat or sauce.

Peach-Leaf Yeast.—A correspondent says:—"Please inform your friends that peach-leaves, used in the same way as hops, make excellent yeast. They may be used fresh from the tree during summer, but the winter supply should be picked before frost comes, and dried." It may be worthy of inquiry whether there is a possibility that the minute quantity of prussic acid in the leaves can exert any deleterious effect.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Fried Egg Plant.—Cut the plant in thin slices, sprinkle with salt, and let them stand half an hour, pour off the water that the salt extracts, and dry the plant with a towel; beat an egg, dip the plant in it, and then roll in cracker, and fry brown in butter. Some prefer simply dipping them in the egg without the cracker, or rolling them in the flour without the egg. Season highly and cook slowly.

Pickling Cucumbers.—As a general thing, sufficient care is not taken in pickling cucumbers, and large numbers of them spoil in less than three months' time. The following method we think the best:—Select a sufficient quantity of the size you prefer, which probably cannot be done at one time. Put them in a stone pot, and pour over them a strong brine; to this add a small bit of alum to secure the color. Let them stand a week; then exchange the brine for clear water, in which they must remain two or three days. Boil the best cider vinegar, and when nearly cool, pour it over the cucumbers, having previously turned off the water. Prepared in this manner with the addition of cloves, allspice, mustard and cinnamon, boiled in the vinegar, pickles of every kind will keep for a year. In pickling cauliflower, tomatoes and other vegetables, which easily absorb the vinegar, the spiced vinegar should be added when cold.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 148 letters.
My 136, 63, 17, 89, is a town in Maine.
My 36, 13, 5, 17, 25, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 45, 49, 3, 123, 58, is a town in Vermont.
My 2, 61, 14, 20, 67, 79, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 66, 34, 11, 15, 107, is a town in Rhode Island.
My 4, 46, 71, 18, 96, 10, is a town in Connecticut.
My 54, 98, 60, 94, is a town in New York.
My 131, 122, 39, 6, 104, is a town in New Jersey.
My 29, 100, 9, 113, 106, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 97, 28, 75, 38, 52, is a town in Delaware.
My 47, 103, 8, 57, 2, 32, is a town in Maryland.
My 24, 31, 118, 145, 130, is a town in Virginia.
My 95, 129, 5, 120, 114, 34, 118, 55, is a town in North Carolina.
My 21, 65, 109, 126, 128, 50, 64, 68, is a town in South Carolina.
My 113, 77, 132, 110, 125, 112, 35, is a town in Georgia.
My 22, 82, 143, 136, 127, 111, is a town in Florida.
My 118, 140, 138, 105, 54, 49, is a town in Alabama.
My 14, 49, 25, 63, 70, 84, 53, is a town in Mississippi.
My 82, 16, 113, 63, 33, 72, 145, is a town in Louisiana.
My 119, 74, 78, 40, 44, 106, is a town in Arkansas.
My 115, 46, 93, 90, 121, 76, 99, is a town in Missouri.
My 66, 97, 65, 124, 141, is a county in Kentucky.
My 95, 103, 56, 27, 26, 133, is a county in Tennessee.
My 17, 117, 59, 102, is a county in Ohio.
My 87, 1, 116, 142, 146, is a county in Indiana.
My 148, 80, 22, 76, 37, 137, 136, 30, is a county in Michigan.
My 85, 88, 41, 126, 58, is a county in Illinois.
My 104, 60, 95, 19, 97, 145, 3, 51, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 113, 46, 86, 135, 141, 147, is a county in Iowa.
My 118, 71, 20, 62, 12, 43, 101, is a county in Minnesota.
My 68, 65, 51, 109, 111, 145, 48, 96, is a county in California.
My 75, 34, 7, 73, 91, 3, 118, 92, 15, 27, is a county in Oregon.
My 49, 16, 33, 83, 60, 50, is a town in Texas.
My 66, 144, 64, 42, 91, 37, 20, 10, is a town in Kansas.
My 21, 24, 82, 32, 69, 5, 13, 106, 33, is a town in Dacota Territory.
My 108, 53, 87, 26, 144, 122, is a town in Nebraska Territory.
My 75, 81, 129, 80, 95, 98, 99, is a town in Washington Territory.
My 116, 4, 134, 147, 107, is a town in Utah Territory.
My 83, 103, 122, 148, is a town in New Mexico Territory.
My 139, 71, 141, 116, 103, 138, 66, is a town in Arizona Territory.
My 45, 13, 10, 54, 28, 77, is a town in Colorado Territory.
My whole is the greatest question which was ever decided by men.

Dubuque, Iowa. A. CHRISTMAN.

CHARADE.

The clod, bleak winter had passed away,
And spring had returned in her glad array;
Her warm zephyrs brought back the flowerets fair,
Which diffused their perfume on the balmy air;
The honey-bee, too, had once more left its cell,
For I heard my *first* in the cowslip's bell.
My *second* I saw on a leafy spray,
And I heard it warble its trumpet lay;
The cuckoo, too, had returned again,
He had crossed the billowy ocean main;
And welcome seemed to everything
The joyous foot of the youthful Spring.

Then, changing the scene to other climes,
And Southern Atlantic's sunny times,
My *whole* is seen in its aerial flight,
Gleaming around like a sunbeam bright;
Glancing through verdant and fragrant bowers,
E'er sipping the sweets from the fuchsia flowers.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Supposing there are 6,670 perfectly round bullets, built up in a tight, finished, three-sided, pyramidal pile, well secured at the base, so that none of the bullets may slip out of place. By a finished pile I mean that each bullet may touch as many of the surrounding bullets as it possibly can; and that after the laying of the base, all the thereon piled bullets will naturally rest with their centres in the grooves, formed by those below, and thus being closed up at the top by the last single bullet. How many bullets may be taken from its top and continuing to hollow out inwards in the same slant with the outward yet standing wall, until the vertex of the inverted, empty, and sinking cone (also three sided) will come to a level with the base of the remainder of the pyramid? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Divide $2,250 among B and C, in such manner that out of every $100 A shall get $10 more than C will get; and allowing A $1 wages to divide the same. What did each get, exclusive of the allowed wages? PETER PLAIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between Rothschild and a certain musical instrument? Ans.—One is a sharp Jew and the other a jewsharp.

☞ When is a tired man like a thief? Ans.—when he wants *a-resting.*

☞ Latest from the Poultry.—When is a hen most likely to hatch? Ans.—When she is in earnest (her nest).

☞ What did the feather, when it first sprouted, say to the duck? Ans.—I'm *down* on you this time.

☞ Why is the man who makes additions to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told? Ans.—Because he relies on all he hears.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Daniel Diefenbach, of Kratzerville, Snyder County, Pennsylvania. RIDDLE.—Education. CHARADE.—Campbell. ANAGRAMS.—Dniester, Guadiana, Ribble, Dnieper, Great Ouse, Isar, March, Tagliamento, Indal, Garigliano, Dora Balsea, Savi. QUESTION.—90 pounds.